

# COUNTRY LIFE

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BARONESS DE FOREST.

74, Baker Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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## FROST ON THE FARM.

POPULARLY it is supposed that hard weather reduces labour to a standstill on the farm, but those who think so can have little idea of the practical work that has to be performed. A few days ago when the frost was at its worst we had occasion to go over a holding. It would not be an exaggeration to say that it is one of the best managed in England, though very far indeed from being a show place. The house and buildings date from about a hundred and fifty years ago, and what they succeeded may be illustrated by a legend connected with the place. There is a ruin about half a mile from the present farmhouse, which goes by the name of The Hall, though all that remains of it is a thatched outhouse. The last tenants of it were two young ladies who every Saturday went to the market town, riding pillion, and carrying baskets of eggs and butter and cheese and chickens. One, and the better-looking of the two, asked a labourer who was working on the farm to marry her, and said—at least, so goes the story—that he should have a bushel of sovereigns if he would consent to do so. The man refused because he had a servant-maid for a sweetheart, and one of his descendants is at the present moment a labourer on the farm to which reference has been made. There are signs of other little holdings having been merged like this into a greater one.

However, to return to our expedition. The tenant very willingly agreed to show the writer and a friend over the place in order that they might know how farm labourers are occupied when the land is lying idle. It ought to be said that the land is chiefly arable, the main crops grown consist of wheat and other cereals, beans, clover, sainfoin, potatoes and other roots. It is, of course, necessary to keep a fair head of stock, and the more so because the farmer is an enthusiastic believer in the merits of farmyard manure. The stock consists chiefly of cattle and pigs. The former, at the present moment, are shorthorns of various ages, and the farmer remarked incidentally that they had been at a fair price recently; he

sold one last market day for £24. It was Saturday, which means that the men were littering up—the straw being distributed in great profusion. Especially was this noticeable in the case of the large pigstyes. The tenant holds that the pig is by nature the cleanliest of all animals, and thrives very much better if plentifully supplied with clean straw. He does not give the latter to them at stated intervals, but whenever the old becomes saturated he puts in fresh straw, and certainly the pigs did credit to his management, although the best of them had been thinned out for the previous week's sale. In the neighbourhood there has been a rather bad outbreak of swine-fever, one dealer (in a small way, too) having been obliged to have some eighty pigs slaughtered. The farmer, talking about the case, said that the dealer had no right to expect anything else. He had purchased several lots of small pigs in the open market. They came from all sorts of places, and yet were turned in together, with the aforesaid result. He has never had an outbreak of swine-fever in his experience, and the reason he gave was that he never bought pigs for fattening purposes, but bred them on one holding (he is the tenant of three, it may be said) and brought them to be fatted at home, the latter process being conducted under the cleanly condition already described. It was in the barns, however, that the greatest activity was manifested. In one there was a mighty heap of wheat just as it had come from the thresher. It was being put through a cleaning machine, the wind blowing the dirt and light seeds away from the good seeds. A man was engaged in feeding and attending to the machine, another filled the clean wheat into a sack and a third added it to the goodly pile that was being built up ready for transport to market. The price wheat had brought this year was on an average about 35s. a quarter, as compared with 38s. received on the same farm last year. The reduction admittedly left a fair profit, and the opinion was volunteered that in existing circumstances the wheat crop is still as profitable as any other, and will remain so until the price drops below 30s. In another barn men were engaged carrying out a similar process with regard to clover and sainfoin seeds. In each case the refuse provided a certain amount of food for the cattle and for the innumerable chickens which we found in movable huts on a green meadow. Among them were a considerable number of guinea-fowl, for which, during the close season for game, there is a demand at about 3s. a-piece. The taste for guinea-fowl is an acquired one, but some people are very fond of the bird. Here they are kept for eating, but on some holdings they pay for themselves in eggs.

Walking through the barns, we were treated to a little digression on the use of the flail. The farmer did not think the supersession of this primitive instrument altogether an advantage. He remembered a time when the beans were threshed out on the barn floor by men with flails, and in those days the quantity of straw and refuse left after the day's threshing was just sufficient to meet the requirements of the cattle which consumed it greedily. He gave it as his experience that there is a considerable waste of this feeding-stuff under modern conditions, when the thresher gets through a stack in the course of a few hours and makes a great deal of straw that is very often spoiled by rain, especially as the work of threshing is, as nearly as possible, arranged so that it can be done in the worst weather—this being an economy from another point of view. Naturally, the conversation diverged to the question of labour. Altogether about thirty men and women are employed on the different holdings. Very few disputes arise, but characteristically those that have arisen have been on the question of beer. We were treated to a homily on the unassuageable thirst of the British labourer, especially of that example of the species who goes about with a threshing machine. He is absolutely of opinion that unless he can imbibe from six to nine pints a day he will be choked by the dust and grime of the machine. The farmer was sufficiently reasonable to say that on one occasion, when he felt bound to join in the harvest himself, he found that, working from early daylight until nightfall, he could get through, comfortably, sixteen pints of beer. It is not a custom that conduces to the vigour of the Southern farm labourer. The amount of beer consumed in the course of twelve months on this farm alone would be a large turnover for a prosperous public-house.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Baroness de Forest. Baroness de Forest is a daughter of the late Lord Gerard, second Baron, and her marriage to Baron de Forest was celebrated in 1904.

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



## COUNTRY NOTES

THE King, as usual, has set an excellent example by conveying to the widow of Constable Tyler, who was killed in the performance of his duty during the Tottenham outrage, an expression of his sympathy. The ordinary citizen of the State has an opportunity of doing the same thing in a very practical manner. A subscription is being raised in order to provide a suitable income for the widow of the late policeman. It amounts at the time of writing to something like £1,000, but that sum, if safely invested, would not yield the equivalent of the wage earned by her husband, and it is to be hoped that the public will rally to the support of a case so deserving. We understand that the poor woman, in addition to the sorrow to which she has been subjected, is in a very delicate state of health; indeed, she had come out of the hospital only a few days before the tragedy. This makes it all the more important that she and her family should be looked after by her fellow-citizens.

Reasons for holding a great Imperial Press Conference are too obvious to need enumerating, and, no doubt, the immense gathering that is to take place in London on June 5th will be a pronounced success. At any rate, excellent arrangements to produce that effect have already been elaborated. On the opening day the Press of the United Kingdom, to the number of one thousand, will give a great banquet to the visitors. The Prince of Wales has signified his wish to give a garden party at Marlborough House to which the delegates will be invited. An official banquet will be given by the Government, and the Lord Mayor will entertain them at the Mansion House. The opportunity will be taken of showing them the fleet and other objects of great Imperial importance. The occasion is one that ought to be the means of bringing into greater harmony and co-operation the many thousands of clever heads and busy hands that are making and recording opinion in the various parts of the British Empire.

The leading feature of the vital statistics for 1907, which have just been published, can be stated very simply. The art of preserving life is more successfully applied than ever. It takes two forms—the prolongation of life in the aged and the greater care bestowed on the newly-born. These facts are demonstrated by a decrease in the general death-rate, and also a falling-off in that percentage of infant mortality which gave civilisation a shock a few years ago. But, on the other hand, what the Registrar-General called the "effective up-keep of life" is not so well managed. Apparently marriage is a less popular institution than it used to be. The contract is entered upon at a later stage of life, and in diminished numbers. Finally, the unions are not so fertile as they used to be; the birth-rate is even more seriously diminished than the marriage-rate. How far these influences will balance one another so as to maintain the population, it would be difficult to say. The application of hygienic laws to life and the spread of good sanitation conduce to prolong life, while the energetic manner in which attempts are being made to teach women the duties of motherhood is also proving effective. But whether the growing reluctance to marry and bring children into the world will prove more effective cannot as yet be said.

It is not too much to say that in the person of Lord Burton the greatest of English brewers has passed away. Two generations only have passed since his grandfather, the carter, started on a humble scale the business at Burton which has reached such colossal dimensions to-day that it produces a gross revenue of

five millions a year and has branches in all parts of the country. Much of this was due to Lord Burton, who, after leaving Trinity, set himself with characteristic energy and intelligence to build up and extend the brewery. But he was not one of those who delighted only in amassing wealth. He has left a long list of good works to follow him, both in the shape of private charities and acts of public philanthropy. Among other things, he was a great builder of churches, as witness St. Paul's Church and St. Margaret's Church, Burton. The poor of that town were accustomed to say that he never turned away any worthy applicant for help, but in this matter he was one of those who follow the Scriptural injunction, "Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth." He was also a great patron of sport and the donor of many cups and vases. His personal character corresponded well with these indications. His generosity was princely and his disposition cheerful and kindly, and to these fine characteristics were united a business ability and acumen not exceeded in his generation. In politics he began by being a Liberal and a personal friend of the late Mr. Gladstone; but, like many others, he did not like the Home Rule Bill, and he was further estranged from the Liberals by their frequent attacks on the brewing interest.

The late Lord Burton was a man of very varied interests and abilities, and although best known in his political and financial life, deserves special notice here for his services to sport in the remarkable improvement effected in the great deer forest of Glenquoich during the many years of his tenancy. It is hardly too much to say that, coming as he did, an Englishman, into the heart of the Highlands, he gave, perhaps, the best object-lesson that we have seen of the benefit which can accrue to the stock of red deer by intelligent crossing of the blood, feeding and selection in shooting. Much has been done on the same lines elsewhere, as, for example, in Mr. John Williams's small forest of Strath-Voich, on the Duke of Westminster's great forest of Reay, but on none has the intelligent care of the owner or the lessee borne more striking fruit than at Glenquoich. It was the forest which the King preferred for his stalking to all others, and he was often the guest at Glenquoich of Lord Burton. The forest passed into other hands a year or two before the lamented death of the tenant to whom it owes so much.

### THE BARE GARDEN.

Sweet flowers in my garden blew  
Ere yet the year had known its prime:  
They fed on sunshine and on dew  
The while of golden summer-time:  
If now they seek their wintry rest,  
The seed is ripe, and God knows best.  
I will not weep though all be gone,  
For faithless is the heart that grieves:  
I'll tend the roots and one by one  
Bestrew each grave with pall of leaves:  
And then will come new blossoming;  
Who sent the winter, sends the spring.

LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA.

It is a difficult matter to hold the balance even in the way of preserving the big-game of South Africa. The Blue Book just issued shows that there is a debit and credit account. On the one side a record of many convictions for breaking the rules, for sportsmen have been fined for shooting cow buffaloes in mistake for bulls, and a considerable number of cow elephants have also been shot, though in some cases a plea of self-defence was successfully put up. On the other hand, the native complaint is that the preservation of wild beasts is carried out too thoroughly. The Governor of Uganda reports that the native population is suffering severely, both in life and property, from the attacks of the wild animals that are protected by our game laws. It is reported by the officer in charge of the Unyori district that hundreds of acres of gardens and plantations are destroyed annually by buffaloes, and that people are frequently killed by them. During the last three years the casualty list of persons either killed or badly wounded in the Kingdom of Uganda amounts to eighty-seven and in the Kingdom of Toro to eighty-seven. This shows the necessity of following a middle course. The protection afforded is primarily directed against extermination, but it ought not to be carried out to such an extent as to endanger to any great degree the lives of those who are living in the country.

Evidently the authorities at the Zoo have something to learn from the Zoological Gardens at Giza near Cairo. From the report drawn up by Captain Stanley Flower, the Director, and his assistant, Mr. J. Nicoll, it appears that the attempt to encourage wild birds to come to the gardens has been highly successful—no fewer than 155 species being enumerated. They include: Passerine birds, 80; picarian birds, 12; birds of prey

and owls, 23; herons, 5; wild ducks, 10; doves, 4; rails, 3; cranes, 2; plovers, 12; and a pelican, a stork, a spoonbill and a guil. Many are European birds in migration. Some of the species winter in the gardens, and among those that nest there we notice the names of several warblers, the goldfinch, the house-sparrow, the hooded crow, the Southern little owl, the kestrel, the palm-dove and the stone-curlew. The statement that there are no singing birds in Egypt is indignantly denied by the directors of the Giza Gardens. They say that no one would make it if they paid a visit when the nightingale, the rufous warbler and the olivaceous warbler are in song. It is certainly far more interesting and beautiful to see wild birds which have been attracted to a garden than to watch those that are kept shut up in cages. There is a touch of something not altogether desirable in the idea of animals being kept in captivity.

From the tenor of the lecture delivered at the Society of Arts by Mr. James Cantlie, it would appear that the rat must number science among his most inveterate enemies. The lecturer very cleverly showed the reason for the instinctive abhorrence of vermin possessed by the human race. We draw away from them because they are the means by which disease is transmitted. The lecturer showed that the key of the position lies in the fact that many parasites require two hosts on which to live. The guinea worm, which caused a great deal of physical incapacity in West Africa, must reach water because its development has to be completed on a small cyclops that lives only in water. Thus if a man harbouring it wades in water, it comes to the surface of his body. For the same purpose it will invade the arms of washerwomen and the shoulders of water-carriers. The channel by which disease passes from rats to men is the rat flea. This is all very well, but the practical question of killing out the rat is one that it will take more than science to solve. If a householder or a farmer be ever so zealous in slaying or exterminating it, his labour will be in vain unless his neighbours co-operate with him and a general war is waged against the common enemy.

It is a very welcome sign of the times that the rich and liberal-minded more frequently than used to be the case devote a portion of their wealth to science. Three remarkable instances of this have occurred almost simultaneously. In some ways the most important is the establishment of the Royal Radium Institute, rendered practicable by the generous manner in which the funds were provided by Sir Ernest Cassel. Those who read a recent lecture by Sir Frederick Treves will readily recognise what an important part radium is likely to play in the therapeutics of the future. Our second example occurs in the will of the late Mr. James Duncan of Jordanstone, Alyth, who bequeathed a part of the residue of his estate to found a school of industrial art in Dundee. About £60,000 will be available, not more than half of which is to be used for the buildings. The school is to be managed in connection with the University College of Dundee. A third instance is that of the anonymous lady who has placed £10,000 at the disposal of the Royal Institution, which has done so much to popularise science.

Although there has naturally been some difference of opinion as to the expediency of granting old age pensions with the very heavy and increased expenditure which will have to be provided for in the coming year, it is, nevertheless, believed that the extra money which is now in circulation will indirectly help to improve business throughout the country. Many deserving people will be enabled to purchase certain necessities of food of which hitherto they rarely partook unless given them. In small towns and villages the extra money now being spent in groceries, provisions and tobacco should result in an increased business turnover to the smaller shopkeeper, who is likely to benefit most by the increased money thus weekly spent. In those trades more directly affected, it is believed that the consumption of various commodities will be increased. By some people, it has been assumed that part of the new bounty may be unnecessarily diverted to the public-house, but on reflection it will be recognised that the fortunate recipients, in the vast majority of cases, are more likely to lay their money out in urgent needs than in unnecessary excess.

It would seem to be highly necessary that it should be made compulsory for tinned food to be marked with a date. The Local Government Board has recently conducted an enquiry into the question, in the course of which Doctor Schryver describes the effect of taking tin into the system. It is found that relatively small quantities can be absorbed without apparent ill effects, but when the quantities amount to anything like two grains to the pound it becomes dangerous. Now it seems to be certain that meat extracts and essences especially take up tin to a considerable extent, and, consequently, if the food be kept for any considerable length of time it becomes dangerous. The practical conclusion is that food that has been

tinned for one or two years ought to be condemned. Hence the recommendation that each tin should be distinctly marked with the date on which it was packed, so that consumers may be able to protect themselves.

There is an unusual scarcity of eggs at the present time, and prices are exceptionally high for this season of the year. Both English and Irish are dear, but with foreign descriptions this is exceptionally so. Prices in many instances are about 5s. per great hundred higher than in 1908. Italian eggs, which at this time last year sold at 9s. 6d. to 11s., now realise 14s. 3d. to 15s. 6d. Styrian, Hungarian and Galician eggs are selling at 12s. 6d. to 14s. 6d., as compared with 6s. 9d. to 9s. 6d. per 120 in 1908. The market has been cleared of Moroccos at 12s. 6d. to 13s., or higher than ever before known, while Egyptian eggs (very small in size) are selling at 9s. 6d. to 11s. 6d. per great hundred, or nearly double their usual price. The present state of affairs is due to the great falling off in foreign shipments to this country. Last year there was great depression in the trade in pickled eggs, brought about by a sudden cessation of demand, and large stocks were left over unsold, entailing heavy losses; consequently fewer pickles were laid down last season, and business this winter has been brisker with reduced supplies which have all been sold. No eggs have been left in cold stores, and severe weather on the Continent has recently much curtailed production, besides making transit difficult.

#### THE OLD SONG.

(From the French of Mme. Edmond Rostand.)

When you are old and I am old  
And snow flakes streak this hair of gold,  
The sun-kissed garden in fresh May  
Our trembling limbs will tempt to stray  
From cosy fire and put *en fête*  
Old hearts that thought the Spring so late.  
That we are young it shall appear,  
Courting as in a bygone year;  
Eyes into eyes will sparkling shine  
Tenderly under the leafy vine—  
When you are old and I am old  
And snow flakes streak this hair of gold.  
What matters then how Time makes trace  
On shaking hand and wrinkled face?  
Tender and sweet our joy will be  
A word, a kiss, a memory  
Of times when love has been confessed,  
Of times when hand by hand was pressed;  
A count of all the mysteries  
That fill true lovers' histories.  
As thus we chat the sun's caress  
Will crown our heads with blessedness—  
What matters then how Time makes trace  
On shaking hand and wrinkled face?

GODFREY HAMILTON.

The mutton of the sheep that are bred in hill countries, such as the Highlands of Scotland and the Welsh mountains, is of such a fine quality that it is no wonder that more and more owners of country estates in the South and the Lowlands are importing some of one or other of these varieties to cross with their own flocks. They are picturesque and have a wilder and more sporting appearance than Lowland sheep. At the same time, it is as well to remember that there is a certain drawback attaching to the less perfectly domesticated disposition which this wilder aspect indicates. They have an almost invincible tendency to wander, even though the pasture in which they are placed is richer than that to which their migrations can lead them, and in aid of the tendency are endowed with powers of steeplechasing and fence-breaking which have astonished many a Southern farmer accustomed to the home-staying ways of his own peaceable flock. The little black sheep of the Faroe Islands, which make a pretty feature in a park, are said to be even more desperate defiers of boundaries.

A tone of cheery optimism characterised the paper which Mr. Albert E. Humphries read the other night on the production of wheat in the British Empire. He anticipates no absolute scarcity, because if the price of wheat were to rise there is plenty of good land which is uncultivated at present solely on account of its geographical position. There are no facilities for transporting wheat cheaply to market. A rise in price would, however, stimulate the grower, just as it did in England during the Peninsular War, when the quotation of 120s. a quarter caused the farmer to drain the morass and plough the hill; they were allowed to go out of cultivation as soon as the price dropped. Nor was Mr. Humphries disturbed by the drop of 45 per cent. in the British wheat area. It is compensated for, in some degree, by the use of those improved seeds which science has brought into use. This is seen in the rise of the official estimate from 22 to 31½ bushels per acre.

Mr. Humphries dwelt on the great possibilities for future development in Australia and on the benefit derived there by the introduction of new varieties. His paper was supplemented by some interesting reminiscences of the chairman, Lord Carrington. His grandfather was President of the Board of Agriculture a century ago and made a speech then in which he said that the scarcity of wheat was one of the most important subjects that the Board had to discuss. Lord Carrington's father had told him also that in the early part of the nineteenth century they used not to have white bread with every meal, so great was its scarcity. It is, indeed, curious that after the lapse of a hundred years we should be once more discussing the same question, only with this difference, that to-day we have an abundance of wheat, but the problem of the English farmer is how to obtain a remunerative return for it.

As a result of the lecture given by Sir Frederick Treves, of the liberality of Sir Ernest Cassel in connection with the Radium Institute, and the announcement, as quickly contradicted as made, that the King was about to bestow upon it a Royal Charter, the properties of radium are the subject of very general discussion at the moment. Of most immediate importance are its wonderful curative powers, as indicated by Sir Frederick. At present, the enormous expense of the substance is a bar to its

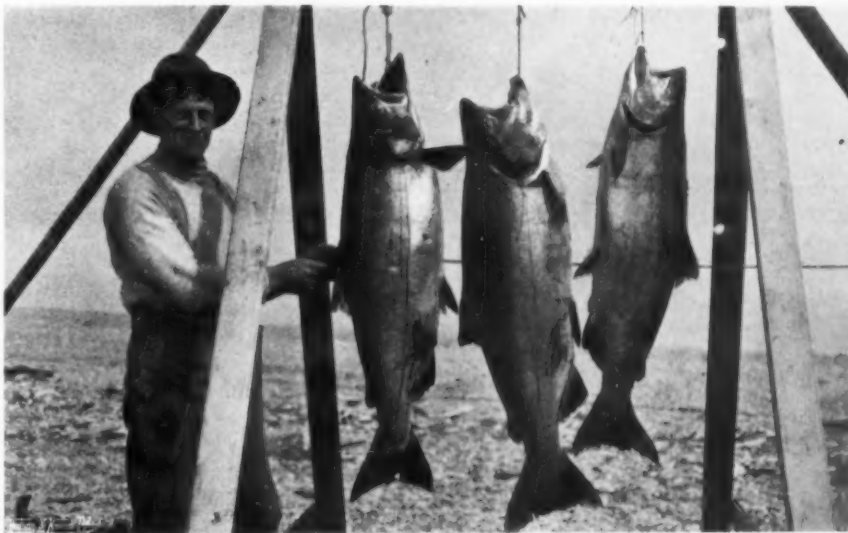
use in very many cases of its possible usefulness. It is quite likely that an ordinary London physician may have among his cases several which he might treat, confident of producing beneficial results, with radium; but it is also probable that the cost of such a piece of the miracle-working stuff as he would require for the purpose would be from £120 to £150, which puts it rather out of the sphere of his practical politics. There seems to be a prospect that a cheaper mode of producing it, from pitch-blende, may be perfected.

If the late Mr. Ruskin found much to deplore, even in his lifetime, about the ways in which man was spoiling the beauty of Nature, it is hardly possible to conceive what his sentiments would have been in view of the "uglification" which has proceeded apace since his death—the vast advertisement boards in the fields all along the lines of the railways, and so on. The last and worst prospect of the kind is that foreshadowed in the suggestion which has just been made in Germany, that the face of the country shall be marked out with sundry immense signs and figures designed to indicate to aeroplanists in the skies above the part of the earth over which they are passing, and the desirable places for alighting. The picture suggested is really an appalling one. Is it permitted to us, as a nation, to take pride in the thought that there seems little immediate necessity for such signs and wonders for the guidance of our own Army aeroplane?

## THE GREAT TYEE SALMON.

By J. G. MILLAIS.

I HAVE never entertained any whole-souled admiration for the ways of the Hudson's Bay Company, and when I and other prospective hunters for the Far North learnt that the "Honorable Company of Gentleman Adventurers," as they call themselves, had, after faithfully promising to send their steamer up the Stikine River on August 3rd, delayed its departure until August 22nd, we all felt pretty mad. In Cassiar and the Yukon the season of hunting is practically confined to the month of September, and a start up the Stikine River on August 22nd means that at least twelve days are lopped off the period of hunting. It seemed, too, very like an act of spite, since most of the hunters intended to fit out at the rival establishment in Telegraph Creek. Be that as it may, there was nothing left but to kill time in some way for ten days. Mr. Bryan Williams, the Game Warden of British Columbia, who has done much for the preservation of the game and is ever ready to assist travellers with his expert knowledge of the country, suggested salmon-fishing in the famous Campbell River, and with this idea in our heads, three English friends, Mr. D. Powell, Mr. Fred Stern, Mr. Bailey, and I



46, 58, 47 POUNDS CAUGHT BY SIR JOHN ROGERS.



MR. GRISWOLD'S BIG FISH, SAID TO BE 62lb.

set off on August 5th by steamer to this river on the East Coast of Vancouver Island, where we arrived the following morning. In the North Pacific there are five species of salmon, namely, the steelhead, the coho, the humpback, the sockeye and, last, but not least, the great tyee (the Comox name for "The Chief") or spring salmon, or, as he is called in Alaska waters, the king salmon. All these well-marked species inhabit different rivers of the North-West Pacific, and all are used largely for canning purposes, being caught in nets at sea, in the estuaries, or in the rivers themselves. Only the tyee and the coho are caught with hand lines on spoon baits, being sold to the canneries by individual anglers along the coast. Recently, Japanese have netted illegally both coho and tyee; but for the most part the poaching fraternity have been stopped from using the net by the Indians of the coast. About Vancouver the species most prized is the sockeye, which appears in immense numbers every year. In 1901, a big year, 1,247,212 cases of salmon were put up in British Columbia. These were worth 5,986,009dol. and contained 12,500,000 fish weighing 60,000,000lb. The average yearly take amounts to about half these figures. Up in Katchikan, Alaska, I saw them curing humpbacks exclusively, while in Kenai and other parts of the coast tyee and cohoes are

the kinds mostly brought to the factories by the Indians. Steel-heads ascend the large rivers to great distances, and are taken by the Indians on the Skeena and Stikine by nets fixed in the large pools. All these British Columbian salmon are somewhat slower in movement and tamer in disposition than the Atlantic species. They are also without exception much inferior as an article of diet. Most of the local Indians affirm that all the different kinds of Pacific salmon ascend the rivers only when they have reached maturity, and that, having spawned and fulfilled their purpose in the scale of creation, they die.

In the case of the humpback and the steelhead this view may be correct, and doubtless it is so with the majority of cohoes and sockeyes; but there is no evidence to show that the tyee differ from the Atlantic salmon. Many of these fish remain in the brackish water of the Campbell River until October without ascending it, and no doubt return to the sea. The grilse do not seem to come into fresh water, as our grilse do. Accurate information on the natural history of the Pacific salmon is much wanted, and the Government of British Columbia should appoint a special commissioner to study the question, as the American Government have done in Alaska. I met an American commissioner at Katchikan in Alaska, and he told me that all the humpbacks, after spawning, invariably died of weakness or parasitic fungoids. All the humpbacks I saw on the branch streams of Stikine in late September were suffering from parasitic fungus growths, a disease apparently similar to that which attacks our salmon in Scotland, notably on the Tweed, Tay and Dee. Local anglers at Campbell River stated that the big tyee had been plentiful in 1908, and that a good run of fish had commenced early in the north, but that at the time of our arrival these fish were "quiet," and that good sport could not be expected until a fresh movement took place. The average of fish caught had, however, been excellent (40lb.), and several fish of 50lb. had been captured, Mr. Griswold having taken one of 63lb. on August 3rd. In 1907 the average of fish had not been so good as in previous years. Fifty-pounders were scarce, but 1908 promised to be an excellent season, although fishermen, both red and white, were more numerous.

After engaging a room at the local hotel, I obtained the services of an Ontario Scotsman named MacIntyre as boatman. For the early part of the season he had been fishing cohoes for the salmon cannery on Valdez Island, and might be expected to know something of the habits of fish and the methods of fishing. But in the matter of luring the great tyee he seemed to be

he says, "are a very serious factor in the calculations of visiting anglers, for the channel between Valdez Island and Vancouver Island, at this point less than three miles wide, has the whole flood of the Pacific pouring through. Much scheming has therefore to be devised to cheat the tides from the Willows Hotel up to Campbell River mouth, a wearisome row of a mile and a-half should the current be contrary. This piece of water is nearly always good for a fish or two;



SIR JOHN ROGERS'S LAST FISH: 59½lb

but as a rule boats are in a hurry to reach the best of the water opposite the actual mouth of the river. This cream of the fishing lies immediately off the big sand-bar that projects seaward from Campbell River Point. There is plenty of room for everybody and little fear of the sport deteriorating, as long as the present rules regarding the prohibition of net-fishing in the vicinity are rigidly enforced. It will be a source of gratification to those interested in these fine fish to know that since last year, by the imposition of some wholesome fines, the Japanese poaching fraternity have received a decided check. The largest of spoon baits have invariably produced the largest fish. A heavy spoon about as big as the palm of an ordinary hand, with a single hook revolving loosely from the same swivel, is the best type of bait for Campbell River. Wire traces should be avoided; the salt water corrodes them so rapidly that they are dangerous. One yard of treble twisted gut or a length of gimp is preferable; yet the fact remains that the Indians, whose spoon baits are fastened

on to the line without any gut, gimp, or wire, are far more successful than the strangers. Fishermen need not go to the expense of split-cane steel-centre rods at 10 guineas apiece—certainly not for Campbell River. A plain rod, such as is used for sea-fishing in England, is the ideal rod for trolling the salt waters of British Columbia. Bring plenty of good big spoon baits, a spare line, several dozen big leads and an assortment of spare swivels, eye rings and single hooks (barbs so often get broken). Length of line is preferable to undue bulk or strength. The tyees when hooked make one sudden rush for 100yds. or so, the subsequent play developing into a series of majestic cruises in deep water. Any ordinary display of skill is sufficient to deal with these big phlegmatic fighters. Patience and a cool head must eventually come off victorious. The sole danger to be feared off Campbell River mouth is from the masses of floating kelp or seaweed into which these monster fish have every inclination to burrow. This leathery weed is of such a nature that when

fouled it is an even chance against a fisherman recovering any part of his tackle." The first evening we left the hotel and rowed some hundred yards clear of the banks of seaweed in the main tideway. Here the line is let out for 20yds. and you troll northward for half a mile to the Indian village where the best fishing-ground is situated. As the evening falls and the time of feeding approaches, generally about the turn of the tide at low water, a little army of siwash canoes push silently out from the



A MORNING'S CATCH OF COHOES

lamentably ignorant, although professing much and charging 33dol. a day for such ignorance. It appears that he knew nothing of tyee nor the Campbell River, so I caught nothing but cohoes for the first two days, and had to gain experience and learn the requisite baits by observing the methods of others and studying the line of the fish. Some remarks on tyee-fishing by Mr. J. H. Wrigley in a contemporary on September 28th, 1907, I found to be much to the point. "The tides at Campbell River,"

village and, forming a line, row rapidly up and down the stream from the village to a beacon at the mouth of the river. Here the tyee rest under the floating sea-ware, and if the lure is properly presented to the fish at the moment of feeding-time, the angler is sure to have at least one run in the evening.

Before reaching the village my spoon was grabbed by some fish, which I knew after one short run could not be a tyee. The large hook and 4oz. lead were strong, and in less than 1min. my boatman had gaffed a beautiful silvery coho of about 8lb. Such a fish on grile tackle and a fly would have taken at least 6min. to 10min. to kill on a Scotch river, but here the brutal exigencies of powerful tackle killed the fish at once and destroyed all element of sport. After catching three cohoes by simply forcing them up to the boat, I suppose some grumbling words escaped my lips.

"Ah! wait till you get a fifty-pound tyee on and he goes for the tideway. You won't say he's dead easy, I guess," remarked the phlegmatic Mac.

The weather was absolutely perfect; a gentle warm breeze blew from the north-east every evening. The line of boats are all fishing the same tide-edge, following one another in rapid succession. You watch others with a dreamy, *dolce far niente* pleasure. It is absolute rest and laziness, and you wonder if, after all, there is any skill required provided you have the right lure. But then you do not care, for the scene itself is what attracts. In the golden after-glow the picturesque Indian canoes and the swift movements of other men, being supremely active, are quite sedative to a man who likes to sit and smoke his pipe. Campbell River-fishing is good for the tired brain; it is nerve-soothing and contemplative. But look! That Indian boy has stopped rowing and seized his hand-line, till now wrapped loosely round his left rowlock. He is pulling hard on some heavy thing that drags both him and the canoe seawards. He hangs on and hauls, giving his fish no play; it is pull devil, pull baker. Presently a loud cry breaks the evening's silence, and two other Indians swiftly haul their short lines and row to the help of their comrade. You wonder why he requires help, but you will see. The big tyee is now more or less beat, but the Indian cannot kill it without upsetting his cranky craft. So his two friends race up and, one holding the prow and the other the stern of his boat, steady it while the fisherman forces his prey to the side and stuns it with a well-directed blow from his short club. Then he whisks the heavy silver body over the lower gunwale and all is over. It is all done so neatly and swiftly that you hardly realise that a 45lb. tyee has been killed and that three red men have let out their short lines again and are fishing as before. By some intuitive instinct and perfect knowledge of the habit of these fish, the Indian always kills two fish to the white man's one, even though working the same grounds and lure. It shows superiority, and to say that there is no skill required to work a minnow, or even a spoon, is to display your ignorance of the science of fishing. All forms of hunting and fishing have skilful exponents; but throughout the world there are races and individuals who by superior skill, or should we not call it genius, perfect the art of some particular form of the chase, and so give the lie to the man of narrow views who dogmatically asserts that he sees "nothing in that so-called sport." Every true sportsman likes to see exceptional skill displayed, whether the quarry is a whale or a stickleback, and the grace and certainty of the Indian in his own fishing or woodcraft is a thing that the more we understand the more we must admire.

Twice during the first evening's fishing I heard the loud purr of the salmon-reel and the familiar figure in check suit, with rod bent nearly double, speeding seaward "into a fish." Not one out of a dozen rod-fishers sitting quietly in their boats that did not wish that he was the lucky fellow. We watched the fortunate angler disappear in the gloom, but could still hear his reel whirring, though boat and man had passed from view. Later, in the hotel verandah we should hear tales of lucky captures of moderate size or of monsters lost. Without doubt the large tyee is a difficult fish to kill in a heavy current, and the number lost through broken tackle, over-run reels and breaking hooks,

etc., is great, but in at least 70 per cent. of the cases the loss is due to the want of skill or forethought on the part of the fisherman. All sorts of English and American fishermen and women come to Campbell River bent on killing a 50lb. tyee, and many have to acknowledge defeat and go home disappointed. The cause is not difficult to discover, for the majority have never killed a salmon of any sort before. They begin on the heaviest of fish with light rods and small reels of cheap American manufacture. These reels last about three days in sea use. They over-run or the cogs become locked, and the first big fish hooked means total annihilation. One day I saw an American lady, who had never fished before, in a most glorious mess. I was close to her when she struck a 40lb. fish. She at once fell over the seat backwards on to the boatman, who likewise collapsed. For a moment nothing was to be seen but a vision of legs, while the air was filled with oaths and screams. Then arose a dishevelled female holding a broken rod in one hand, while with the other she strove alternately to right her equilibrium and put her hat straight. As Sykes, the boatman, proceeded solemnly to disentangle the maze of gear from about his neck and shoulders, Mac and I roared with laughter; but the brave lady was not the least disconcerted. She shouted to us, "It's all right, he's on still."

He was on still, and now made his big run. Relics of the rod were seen flying up the line, the fair angler holding on to the seat and the reel alternately, while the boatman roared volleys of imprecation and advice, which, though doubtless correct, were unavailing. The salmon now was well under way for Alaska and having the time of its life. It ran out all the line, breaking it off at the ultimate knot. With great skill, however, the boatman, who was an old hand and had been fishing with ladies before, anticipated the disaster and seized the end of the line before it had escaped for good. Then he began to play the fish by hand. After a bit he fastened the line to a rowlock and rowed ashore, where the line was again threaded on the rod and so on to the reel. Thus the excited lady, now almost in hysterics, succeeded in killing her first tyee. Altogether it was quite a new and inspiring view of salmon-fishing, and my only regret was that it did not last longer. Another illustration of the wonderful performances of tyros might have been found one day when a trout-rod was seen bobbing down the stream, and with, fast at the other end of the line, a 30lb. salmon. The fish had jerked this totally inadequate rod out of the hands of its owner. The lucky finder of the derelict not only succeeded in playing the fish, but subsequently gaffed it single-handed.

Two days of ill-luck convinced me that something was wrong with my methods of fishing, so I took the opportunity of visiting the Indian

village and extracting some information on the subject of lures from the Indians. In 1907 the chief attraction had been a large lead spoon polished on one side; but during 1908 none had been successful with this artifice, the Indians themselves using a small, bright nickel spoon. I bought two of these from a local store and got an Indian to lash on with string a large siwash-hook of approved pattern. With this bait confidence revived, and I resolved to go and "buck the tide," that is, row against the heavy stream when others were still ashore and waiting for the evening run. Coming home on the previous day at 3 p.m., I had seen three or four big tyee leaping at a point well out in mid-stream, opposite the old Indian graveyard. Mac said he could work the boat there for a short time, so under the blazing afternoon sun we set out amid the solemn warning of other more experienced fishermen that we were giving ourselves a lot of hard work for nothing.

But the ways of salmon are strange, and you often take a fish when all things look unpropitious. With infinite toil Mac bucked the tide, and after half-an-hour's labour against a six-knot tide succeeded in reaching the spot I had marked. We had scarcely arrived when my rod was almost torn from my hand. No coho had strength like this even in a tideway, and one minute of strain, in which my 17ft. Hardy rod felt all too weak, convinced me that I had hold of a veritable tyee and a big one. After a few preliminary spurts the fish went off in one grand



MR J. G. MILLAIS' 57lb. SALMON.

rush of 80yds. Fortunately, the direction he took was across the current, so we did not lose much ground. I had recovered about 40yds. on the reel when he made a dash for the sea down stream for at least 100yds., but we followed at such a pace that I was again able to reel in nearly the whole of my line as soon as he showed signs of weakening. With such strong tackle one could take certain liberties with a fish, however large; so forcing his head to the boat every time he attempted a similar cruise, I gained the mastery over him before 20min. had passed. A difficulty now presented itself in huge masses of floating seaweed, into which I feared the fish might run and break me. So on Mac's advice we forced the fish shorewards towards the shingly beach below the graveyard, where absence of weed and gravelly sand gave hopes of a safe termination of the contest. The gallant tyee, however, showed every disinclination to face the shallow water, as he seemed to know by instinct that therein danger lay. The nearer we got to the land the stronger he seemed to get, and it was only by using such strength as would have been fatal in the case of a river salmon, had great care that I at last forced him into such a position that I could spring ashore. Now each successive rush became fainter, and the greatest back and tail I had ever handled began to show up. For one moment he heeled over on his side and gave us our first view of the fish.

"He's fifty pounds if an ounce," I cried, trembling with excitement.

"All that," quoth the laconic Mac.

The end soon came. The gallant fighter rolled into shallower and shallower water and found it harder and harder to right his weakened body.

"Now go for him, Mac," I cried. No sooner said than done; the boatman ran into the sea up to his knees, made two shocking attempts with the gaff and finally emerged dripping, but triumphant, with the struggling monster. We speculated on his weight, which the hotel scales, whose accuracy we had proved, gave at 55lb.

Tyee-fishing with a spoon may not be the highest class of sport, but the act of playing the fish is, without doubt, great fun. I am not *blasé*, though I have caught plenty of salmon, so the joy of killing a fifty-five-pounder as one's first fish was unalloyed. I meant to catch a bigger one and then stop; but who ever does? There is always a bigger one still. That is the worst or the best of man's ambition. We always create a fresh ideal after each achievement.

The following day I went to the same place, and hooked at once a fine forty-two-pounder, which I killed in 10min. After this I must confess that I did not do my duty as a fisherman. The next two days were spent in the adjacent islands looking for birds and making sketches of totem poles, of which there were some magnificent examples on Valdez Island. In the dense forests of Vancouver Island the timber was so immense that woods were ever damp. There was no sun to pierce the gloom and encourage insect-life, and so small birds were scarce. Away overhead passed innumerable flocks of crossbills, whose clinking notes could be heard at all hours, though the birds themselves were invisible.

Three species of woodpeckers rattled on the trees, and occasionally a flash of turquoise blue betrayed the presence of Steller's jay (*Cyanocitta Stelleri*). Along the shallows of the estuary ospreys and white-headed eagles flapped around lazily at low water or plunged into the sea in close proximity to the boats. Out in the estuary itself pilot whales passed in small schools, and one morning a sea-lion came by, which, much to my regret, I did not see. A few non-breeding velvet and American black scoters and eiders also passed up and down the channel, but duck-life, so abundant here in winter, was now scarce.

Amidst gorgeous sunset hues we went to fish the usual beat opposite the Indian village on August 11th. The sun had already set, when of a sudden a suppressed excitement ran through the boats. A fresh run of tyee were in and had begun to take. Three or four Indians were "fast" at once, and yells for help came down the line. In a moment, while close to the beacon stake at the mouth of the river, Mr. Powell, Sir John Rogers and I were "into" fish at the same moment.

Then the circus began. "Look out there; don't you see I'm fast?" "Confound you; get up your line, or I'll be over you," "Gangway, gangway," "Where the devil are you coming to!" "Mind your oars," "He's off to the tide. Hurry" (Mac or Bill, as the case might be); "row like blazes," were a few of the cries that broke from excited anglers, while even phlegmatic Indians grinned or yelled "tyee, tyee" in sympathetic encouragement. We all cleared each other somehow. I do not quite know how. Sir John was whisked straight out to sea, and was a quarter of a mile off in no time. Mr. Powell broke, while my fish, to my horror, went straight for the beacon. I lugged at him to steer clear, and he took the hint so forcibly that he burnt my finger on the line with the rush he made for the deep water. It was like poor Dan Leno's hunting song, "Away, away and away. I don't know where we're going to, but away and away and away." We could hear men laughing and joking in the

darkness behind, and then in a moment we were out of it all in the silence of the boiling tide. Mac was a good boatman, and the way he followed that tyee in the eight-knot current did him credit. This was the strongest fish I have ever hooked. He seemed to do with us just what he chose, and we, like sheep, had to follow. If he had carried out his first laudable intention of a visit to Queen Charlotte Islands he might have defeated us, but seemingly he altered his plan and made a fierce hundred yards' run for the curl of the current at the mouth of the Campbell River. Here there were nasty lumps of floating kelp, and the two anglers fishing there received our return landwards with shouts of warning. In the gloom I could see by their attitudes that they were intensely interested in our welfare, for the next best thing to playing a fish yourself is to watch another at the game. Then began a series of "magnificent cruises." It is part of the interest in salmon-fishing that the fish you have "on" is infinitely larger than anything previously hooked. Generally it is a pleasant delusion; but sometimes it is true, and then the conflicting emotions of the play and the thrill of subsequent capture are something to live for.

My fish was, I knew, the biggest I had ever hooked, so one had to follow the same old ways of playing him, coupled with such extra force as that stout tackle warranted. After every great circuit of the boat I resorted to all sorts of devices for tiring my antagonist, but he refused to give in or to allow me to shorten the line. But my fish was as gallant a fighter as ever was hatched, and the better the fighter the quicker he kills himself. Half-an-hour has elapsed and I see the lead 6ft. up the line for the first time. Soon we shall see back and tail. Yes, there they are, and what a monster. He must be 60lb. at least. At last he shows side, and that is the beginning of the end. Mac, an indifferent gaffer under the most favourable circumstances, now surpasses himself in the fields of incompetence. He makes one or two feeble shots, and then, getting the gaff well home, attempts to lift the fish as I throw my weight on to the reverse side of the light boat to prevent an upset. He heaves with both hands, and a great head appears, when crack goes the steel, and Mac sits down heavily in the boat, looking supremely foolish. I was not distressed, however, as that brief view of the fish's head had shown me the hook well placed; moreover, I knew that somewhere under the thwarts we possessed a goodly club. Mac, after a few moments' search, produced the truncheon, and, at the first attempt, stunned the salmon with a well-directed blow, and lifting it with his hand drew it into the boat. Ha! this is a fish indeed; one of the best of the season, we flatter ourselves, and 60lb. for certain. But no; those cruel scales blast our hopes by 3lb. Still, a fifty-seven-pounder is something to be proud of, and we rowed home that night at peace with the world. This, then, is Campbell River fishing for the great tyee salmon. If you wish to collect records you can do so by sitting all day in your boat for a month and using a tarpon-rod, which kills the biggest fish in 2min., and a Von Hofe reel, which carries a drag that would stop a buffalo.

Mr. F. Griswold, who fished for sixteen days with a tarpon outfit and some mysterious spoon, which we were not allowed to see, killed fifty-three tyee, averaging about 38lb. each, the fish weighing 63lb., 48lb., 46lb., 49½lb., 52½lb., 15lb., 50lb., 46lb., 40lb., 45lb., 45lb., 42lb., 42lb., 40lb., 46lb., 47lb., 12lb., 45lb., 35lb., 30lb., 42lb., 42lb., 44lb., 35lb., 21lb., 46lb., 40½lb., 40lb., 17lb., 20lb., 44lb., 43lb., 38lb., 29lb., 32lb., 35lb., 32lb., 46lb., 47lb., 48lb., 53lb., 41lb., 41lb., 44½lb., 33lb., 53lb., 51½lb., 40lb., 40lb., 37lb., 36lb., 35lb., 34lb. Mr. Daggett of Salt Lake City, fishing for the greater part of the month, killed 46 tyee averaging 37½lb. But by far the best results of the season were obtained by Sir John Rogers, who used ordinary British tackle. He killed in four weeks 41 tyee averaging 42lb. and weighing 1,738½lb.; also 13 spring salmon (immature tyee) weighing 274lb., and 125 cohoes weighing 772lb. His best fish were respectively 58lb. and 59½lb., the last named killed in a storm on the last day, a great finish for the season. In a note to me Sir John writes: "Pitcock's 70lb. fish is not authentic. It pulled down my scales with a run to their limit 60lb., and it must have been well over 60lb. I should guess it at 68lb. or 69lb. It was a long way the largest fish I saw on the coast. Griswold's 63lb. fish weighed 58lb. on my scale." Other fishers—notably Mr. Bontein—killed a number of fine tyee, but I have no particulars of their captures. Still, the above figures give some idea of respective weights of these large salmon. The angler who is really a salmon-fisher soon tires of the sport after he has caught a few big ones. The effort of casting for and rising the individual fish, the chief joy of salmon-fishing, is absent, so the sport palls sooner than in any form of angling with which I am acquainted.

Although Campbell River is still an excellent place to secure this large species of salmon, the reader must not go away with the idea that it is the only place for these fish. There are dozens of river inlets on the coast of British Columbia, such as Port Simpson and Kattiwat, and on the Alaskan Coast, where as big, and bigger, fish can be taken by spoon; but up to the

present few anglers have tried them. The king salmon of Alaska is practically the same as the tye, and enormous specimens are sometimes brought in by the Indians fishing with a spoon and hand-line, so that the field for anglers of originality is immense. I believe that a man who fishes for two seasons has a very reasonable chance of catching a seventy-pounder. Mr. F. A. Bailey, who was a successful angler in 1907, caught only one salmon in 1908 in eight days' fishing, but it weighed 62lb. These tye, I think, frequently attain a weight of 70lb., but no instance has yet been recorded of an eighty-pounder. A twenty-dollar American gold piece is waiting for the Indian who first brings an eighty-pounder to the salmon cannery at Kenai, and it has not been claimed, though seventy-pounders are not uncommon there. In the dense forests at the back of Campbell River the

beautiful little Columbian blacktail deer is common, as also are cougars. Near Campbell River lives a noted guide named Cecil, or "Cougar," Smith, who owns a small pack of dogs which find and "tree" these large cats. He has killed as many as nine in two days. Up in the mountain ranges and about the river levels of the interior a considerable number of wapiti are still to be found on Vancouver Island, but their pursuit is so "fluky" and so arduous that few travellers undertake an expedition into the woods. Black bear, too, are numerous, and are frequently seen and shot by the lumbermen and fishermen of the coast. The Indians are too lazy to hunt them, so that an expedition with "Cougar" Smith in the spring generally results in the death of two or three of these harmless animals, which are shot after being ousted from their winter retreats.

## TAMPERING WITH ANCIENT BUILDINGS—II.

**A**N extremely valuable paper was recently read to the members of the Worcestershire Architectural and Archaeological Society, but it has failed to make its appearance in that society's usual publications. It was written by Mr. Willis Bund, who is well known not merely as a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, but also as a most capable administrator of the local government of Worcestershire. He knows that county well—its present as well as its past, and it is of the present state of its churches and of their past history that he tells a somewhat sad tale. Except those which, like Malvern and Pershore, were originally monastic, Worcestershire has few parish churches of great size or peculiar excellence. Their merit, as a rule, lay rather in their local characteristics and in their long histories, written, as it were, on the fabric by the additions and subtractions of succeeding generations. The majority were of old the property and the work of various religious corporations that had slightly different views on church-building and church-fitting. "Without going so far as to say that every Monastic Order had its peculiar features in its churches, yet each had its own ideas of what a church should be, an idea demonstrated by the Worcestershire churches before their restoration. . . . The peculiarities have not been preserved, a level of uniformity absolutely meaningless has been substituted for a diversity that told its own story to those who would read it." In this manner a whole chapter, not of secular archaeology but of Church history, has been torn out of the book of Worcestershire by its nineteenth century ecclesiastical trustees. Those in highest place acted as generals of this iconoclastic army—appointing on their staff "conscientious experts with accumulated experience," to use Mr. Caroe's admirable phrase—and the parish clergy merely served in the ranks. Thus, the Cathedral being best able to spend money, it was the Dean and Chapter who did the most destruction.

The story of the complete modernisation of the mother church of the diocese is too long a tale to tell, but one instance of its "restorer's" principles and practice will illustrate his entire action. King John, having spent much of his life in warring against the church, thought, on his death-bed, that there was some safety in being buried in the holiest ground he could think of. At his desire, therefore, his body was brought to Worcester and placed between the tombs of Worcester's two famous saints, Oswald and Wulstan. The position of his tomb, therefore, helped us to realise the character of the man, and to remember the long national struggle in which the church took so active a part. Yet not only was it moved into a different place where its meaning was lost, but, in order to efface history as much as possible, its original texture with its remnants of ancient and elaborate colouring was obliterated by a complete cloak of modern gilding. Next to the Cathedral, Pershore Abbey Church, or rather what remains of it, was Worcestershire's finest ecclesiastical monument. It had to be "beautified," and this was done by removing the ruins of the Lady Chapel and building up a "neat and tidy" apse in pseudo-Gothic style. Such an addition needed living up to, and so the original Norman font was thrown out and given by the then vicar to a local landowner as a garden ornament. Architecturally, the church of Kidderminster cannot vie with that of Pershore, but it was full of valuable association. Those who most differ in points of dogma with Richard Baxter cannot deny his holiness of life, his singleness of purpose, his influence for good. Kidderminster is very properly proud of him, and has set up a modern statue in its market-place with his name on its base. Can this somewhat conjectural presentment be so strong a reminder of his life and work as the actual church fittings which he used or provided? So great was the popularity of his preaching that, despite the large size of the church, he tells us: "We were fain to build five galleries after my coming thither." Where is the pulpit he occupied? It dated from 1621, and was an excellent example, carved and coloured and with sounding-

board complete, of the style that marked the Laudian revival. It was sold for £5, and in its place was set one of stone whose furious over-ornamentation attracts the unwilling eye to its uninspired design and mechanical workmanship. Baxter's influence brought so many to the Lord's Table that he had 600 communicants. As, in his view, it was a table, and not an altar, it needed enlargement, and this he had done. Here, surely, was an evidence of a "living church," which, even if the views of to-day demanded an altar at the east end, should have been carefully preserved in the edifice, whose moment of utmost use it typified. It was bodily removed; portions of it may be seen in two chapels in the town; the rest has disappeared.

The above are examples taken at random, but illustrative of practices so universal in the diocese that the present Archdeacon of Worcester, in one of his charges, was forced to cry out in pain: "You find Holy tables where they ought not to be, in private houses and brokers' shops, you see rails at which communicants once knelt used for a roadside fence, you discover fonts in gardens, halls and farmyards. You pursue old Communion plate and find it in London or Liverpool. I speak what I know and could say more." This quotation should serve to dissipate the foolish contention that these are matters of interest only to archaeological faddists. The Church lives largely on her traditions, points constantly to her past. Why then this rage to dim the reality of those traditions, to efface the evidences of that past? Yet this sort of thing still goes on, as recent correspondence in these pages has proved, and the treatment accorded to Mr. Willis Bund's paper shows that the fight against it is an uphill one. The paper was prepared and read at the request of the Worcestershire Society. Its object was to establish its case and suggest a remedy. Although Mr. Willis Bund rather weakened his case by giving few very recent instances, owing to a feeling of delicacy as to mentioning the deeds of present incumbents, yet the plain statement of self-evident facts gave offence, and the officials of the society refused to print the paper in their usual publication unless they were allowed to edit it in accordance with their own views. Such Bowdlerisation its author very properly forbade. Thus an association which ought to exist only for the purpose of actively and fearlessly preventing the loss or destruction of the memorials of the past, helps to prove the case often brought against it and its fellows that they are merely a means of indulging in pleasant holiday outings and social small talk under the false pretence of an erudite aim. On the other hand, to have given a wide publicity to Mr. Willis Bund's fully-proved and closely-reasoned argument and to have seriously adopted the remedy he suggests would have given the Worcestershire Society a real distinction and a positive sphere of usefulness. The remedy suggested shall be given in the author's own well-chosen words: "If, at each church visited, the Society would make a careful inventory of all the church furniture, fittings and ornaments, it would have the means of stopping much of the loss. If a church was to be restored, the Society would ask, 'What are you going to do with such and such things?' if a new window has to be put in, 'What do you propose to do with the fragments of old glass?' If the church was to be new seated, 'What is to become of the old carving and woodwork?' For want of such a list much has been lost. . . . But if the Society would . . . consider all cases of proposed alterations, act firmly and reasonably, it might go far in preventing further loss of what ought to be retained. If it endeavoured to preserve the materials for the county and parish history it would daily increase in influence and importance. Of this we may be quite sure, that it is only by somebody exerting a steady and persistent supervision over the fragments that remain that we can ensure that in the future nothing more shall be lost." Such action and such supervision should be the defined aim and organised work of every county archaeological society worthy of the name.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

*P. Lewis.**A VENETIAN FRUIT BOAT.*

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## TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

## A BIT OF THE WEST.

BY  
H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.



"YOU'RE in the wrong thrain, man; this thrain stops nowhere—it's ixpriss all the way to Cloyne. Out you get, for we want to be goin' on. Right, Larry." Mr. Mallow, seated in the corner of a first-class smoking compartment, heard the foregoing dialogue and smiled. It came to him with a puff of gorse-scented air through the open window of the carriage. "Now," said Mr. Mallow to himself, "I really believe I am in Ireland."

Up to this, at Kingstown, in his passage through Dublin and during the long, dusty journey that followed, he had come across nothing specially national. It is not in the grooves of travel that you meet the true spirit of Ireland. Davy Stevens, selling his newspapers on the Carlisle Pier at Kingstown, had struck his fancy, but nothing followed him up. The jarvey who had driven the observant Mr. Mallow to the station in Dublin was surly and so speechless that he might have been English, the streets were like English streets, the people like English people and the rain like English rain—only worse. But it was not raining here.

Here in the West the train seemed to be drawing out of civilisation into a new world, a world of vast hills and purple moors, great spaces of golden afternoon unspoiled by city or town, far mountain tops breaking into view, the harshness of their crags veiled by the loveliness of distance.

Mr. Mallow, an elderly sportsman of the Mid-Victorian type, a comfortable-looking person who might have been a prosperous farmer, and was, in fact, a prosperous money-lender, had accepted an invitation from Michael French of Drumboyne House, Drumgool, near Cloyne (such was the postal address), to come over to Ireland and lend him money. In other words, to view part of the estate which French was anxious to mortgage. Sport was offered incidentally, and, unable to withstand such a fascinating combination of business and pleasure, the old sportsman packed up his bag and came.

Mr. Mallow was a Christian money-lender, a straight man who had dealt with Mr. French, up to this, from a distance. They had known each other in a business way for some years, and Mr. French had always managed to adjust their differences somehow or another.

"Somehow or another" would, in fact, have made an excellent motto for Mr. French, expressing more exactly and in language understood of the people the motto of his ancestors, "Dum spiro, spero."

The train was now passing through a glen where the bracken leapt six feet high, a glen dim and dreamlike, a vast glen echo-haunted and peopled with pines, and ferns that grow nowhere else as they grow here. It is the glen of a thousand echoes.

Call in this place, and echo replies and replies and you hear your commonplace voice, the voice with which you ordered a beefsteak yesterday, chasing itself past pine and fern and dying away in fairyland.

A tunnel took the train, and then out of the roaring darkness it swept into sunlight again and a country of wide plains shot over with golden gorse. The train slowed down, Mr. Mallow collected his belongings and by the time they were got together it was drawing up at a long platform where a notice-board bore the name "Cloyne."

Mr. Mallow stepped from his carriage into a world of sunlight, silence and breeze.

There were few people on the platform. A woman in a red cloak, a priest, a couple of farmers and a seedy-looking individual in a frock-coat and tall hat made up the passengers who had alighted. Several parties were busily engaged in taking some baskets of live fowl (to judge by the sound) out of the guard's van, and a long, squint-eyed, foxy individual, half groom half gamekeeper, was walking along the

train length, peeping into each carriage as if in search of someone or something. He had a straw in his mouth, his hands in his trousers, pockets, and when he saw our traveller he shifted the straw from right to left entirely by lip action and came towards him.

"Axin' your pardon, sir," said the foxy individual, "but are you Misther Mallow from over the wather that Mr. Frinch is expectin'?"

"I am," said Mr. Mallow. "Are there no porters here to look after our luggage?"

"Thim things gettin' the chickens out of the van calls themselves porters, I b'love," said the other, as he fetched the luggage out of the carriage on to the platform. "I'm Moriarty, Mr. Frinch's man, and I've brought the car to take you down to Drumgool. Now then, Larry, when you've done thinkin' over that prize you tuk in the beauty show maybe you'll atind to the company's business and lend a hand with the gentleman's luggage—this way, sor."

Piloted by Moriarty, the traveller found himself outside the station precincts; the outside-car, varnished, silver plated as to fittings and very up to date, stood near the wicket. A big roan mare with a temper was in the shafts and a bare footed gossoon was holding on to the bridle.

The station inn across the road, flying its creaking sign to the wind from the moors, seemed to beckon, and Mr. Mallow, wondering what manner of whisky the inn supplied, crossed the road to see. The inn was a very old and primitive affair, as, indeed, was the landlady, but the whisky was young enough and quite modern. Mr. Mallow was coughing and wiping his eyes and Mrs. Sheelan was laying the change on the counter coin by coin when the door opened and Moriarty appeared.

"The luggage is on the car, sor," said Moriarty, "thank your 'onor and here's long life to you. But it wasn't for the dhrink I came in, but to ax you did you see a chap step out of the thrain, a chap with a long black coat on him and a face like an undertaker?"

"I did," replied Mr. Mallow, "if you mean the man in a tall hat."

"That's him," said Moriarty, "bad luck to him. I knew what he was afther when I set me eyes on him, and when I was puttin' your bag on the car he ups and axes me did I know of a Mr. Frinch livin' here away? 'Which Mr. Frinch?' says I. 'Mr. Michael Frinch,' says he. 'Do I know where he lives?' says I. 'Sure, what do you take me for, me that's Mr. Frinch's own man.' 'How far away is it?' says he. 'How far away is what?' says I. 'Mr. Frinch's house,' says he. 'A matter of seventeen miles,' says I. 'Bad luck to it!' says he. 'I'll have to walk it.' 'Up in the car you get,' says I, 'and, sure, I'll dhrive you.' And up he gets, and there he's sittin' now waitin' to be driv—bad luck to him!"

"But who is he?" asked Mr. Mallow, not quite comprehending the gist of this flood of information.

Moriarty lowered his voice half a tone. "He's a bum bailiff, come to arrist the house."

"Arrest the house?"

"It's this way, sor. Mr. Frinch had some dalin's wid a Jew money-lender in Dublin be the name of Harrison; and only this mornin' he said to me, 'Keep your eye out at the station, Moriarty, for it's I that am afraid this black baste of a Harrison will play us some thrick, for he knows I've enthred Garyower'—that's the name of the colt—for the Lisconnel Cup that's to be run the day afther to-morrow, and it's just on the cards he'll pop a man in and take possession before we can get Garyower off by the thrain to-night, and if he does,' says he, 'we're ruined and done for—bad luck to Harrison and meself for bein' such a fool not to stick entirely to Misther Mallow when I was in want of a loan!'"

Mr. Mallow had suddenly looked deeply interested.

"Am I to understand," said he, "that Mr. French intends sending the horse away to-night?"

"Yes, sor; be the nine train."

"And that this man, if he reaches Drumboyne House, will stop it?"

"Yes, sor; and that's why I've come to ax you to let him dhrove with us. For I'm goin' to play him a thrick, sor, with your lave and licence, and that's why I've got him on the car."

"Anything short of violence or injury and I'm with you," said Mr. Mallow, delighted to spike this brother professional's gun. He knew of Harrison and his dealings and had no compunction at all in the matter, but a deep curiosity as to Moriarty's plan and proceedings.

"Make your mind aisy, sor," said Moriarty, leading the way out of the barroom. "It's not I that'd be dirtying me hands with the likes of him."

The seedy personage in the tall hat was comfortably seated on the outside-car reading a dirty copy of an Irish newspaper, and a new gossoon was holding the mare's head *vice* the old gossoon, who had been sent running hot-foot to Drumboyne to give warning to Mr. French.

Mr. Mallow got on the side of the car opposite to the bailiff, Moriarty seized the reins, the gossoon sprang away and the mare rose on end.

"Fresh," said Mr. Mallow.

"Faith, she'll be stale enough before I'm done with her," replied the driver. "Now then, now then, what are yiz after; did you never see a barra of luggage before? Is it a mothor-car you're takin' yourself to be, or what ails you at all, at all? Jay up, y' devil."

It was near sunset now, and in the eastern sky the ghost of a great moon was rising pale as a cloud in the amethyst sky.

The moors swept away for ever on either side of the road, desolate and silent but for the wind and the cry of the plover. Vast mountains and kingly crags thronged the east, purple in the level light of the evening and peaceful with the peace of a million years; away to the west beyond the smoke wreaths from the chimneys of Cloyne the invisible sea was thundering against rock and cliff, and the gulls and terns, the guillemots and cormorants, were wheeling and crying, answering with their voices the deep boom of the sea caves.

Mr. Mallow tried to imagine what life must be here, living, as Mr. French did, seventeen miles from the station; he tried to imagine what trick Moriarty was going to play on the gentleman whose tall hat was extremely out of keeping with the surroundings. That person, who had left the refreshments of the inn untried, had not come unprovided; he produced a flask from his pocket at times, fanning the air with the scent of bad brandy. But not a word did he speak as mile after mile slipped by, and the sun sank and vanished and the moon glowed out, making wonderland of the world around them.

"We're more than ten mile on our road now, sor," said Moriarty, speaking across the car to Mr. Mallow.

"Good," said Mr. Mallow. He was ferociously hungry, and was conjuring up menus, an occupation that employed his mind for the next six miles, while the scenery slowly changed under the moon, becoming wooded and disclosing at last over the tree tops of a park on the right the towers of a mansion.

"That's the house, sor," said Moriarty, indicating the towers with his whip.

"Why, it's a castle," said Mr. Mallow.

"Yes, sor," replied Moriarty, "I b'lave they called it that in the old days."

At a gateway where the gate was flying wide open Moriarty drew up.

"Now," said he to the tombstone in the tall hat, "that's your way to the back premises, down with you and in with you and sarve your writ, and give me compliments to the cook and say I'll be in for me supper when I've left this gentleman at the hall dure."

The man in possession, standing now in the road under

the moonlight, examined the car and the horse that had brought him. "The horse and car are Mr. French's?" asked he.

"They are."

"Well, when you've put 'em in the stables," said he, "mind and don't you move them out again; all the livestock and movables are to be left *in statu quo* till my business is settled."

"Right y'are, sor," replied Moriarty, cheerfully, and the man in the tall hat strode away through the gate and vanished in the direction of the back premises.

Mr. Mallow felt rather disgusted at the fiasco. "I thought you were going to play him a trick," said he.

Moriarty, who had got down for a moment to look at the mare's off fore shoe, sprang on to the car again, turned the car, touched the mare with the whip and turned to the astonished Mr. Mallow.

"This isn't Mr. Frinch's house at all, sor," said Moriarty.

"But dash it, you told me it was."

"It's his house, right enough," said Moriarty, "but it hasn't been lived in for a hundred and tin years; it's got nuthin' inside it but thistles. Mr. Frinch lives at Dhrumgool, sor."

"Good heavens!" said Mr. Mallow, "you don't mean to say you've driven me all this distance. How far is Drumgool?"

"It's seventeen miles from here to Cloyne, sor, and seventeen from Cloyne to Dhrumgool."

"Thirty-four miles!" shouted Mr. Mallow.

"There or thereabouts, sor. We'll have to get a new horse at Cloyne; the ould mare is nearly done, and she'd be finished entirely only I gave her a two hours' rest before I tuk you up at the station."

"Good heavens!" said Mr. Mallow, "and they're Irish miles."

"It's sorry I am, sor," said Moriarty, "to have dhruven you out of your way, but you saw that chap."

He said nothing more in the way of excuse, and the outraged Mr. Mallow spoke not a word for five miles. With the lights of Cloyne his good humour returned.

"Moriarty," said he, "what will that man do with himself to-night?"

"Faith I dunno, sor. If he's a taste for ruins he'll find himsilf in his illiment, and if he hasn't he'll find enough to do with himsilf thrampin' the road afther us back to Cloyne. Mr. Mallow, sor, what's *in statu quo*?"

"He is," said Mr. Mallow, "if ever a man was."

## OLD ROYAL PLATE IN THE TOWER.

THE Royal plate preserved in the jewel-house of the Tower of London comprises the regalia, the anointing-spoon—which dates from the twelfth century—a fine Elizabethan standing-salt of the year 1572, and a dozen others of the latter half of the seventeenth century, the Royal font and basin of the year 1660, a large wine-fountain of

about the same date, two fine tankards, two large circular dishes, a tall flagon, sixteen maces of various dates from about 1660 to 1690, fifteen State trumpets and a dozen salt-spoons. These objects are separately illustrated in "The Old Royal Plate in the Tower of London," by E. Alfred Jones (Fox Jones and Co.), by twenty beautiful photogravure plates, and are fully described in the letterpress. There are two additional plates illustrating the communion-plate belonging to the chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula within the Tower, which are also described in detail by Mr. Jones. The most interesting specimen in the collection is the anointing-spoon, not only on account of its great antiquity, but by reason of the beauty of the workmanship displayed in it. Mr. Jones takes the same view with reference to the date of this interesting object as that of every other competent authority by whom it has been examined—namely, that it was wrought in the latter part of the twelfth century. In explaining the inaccuracy into which Mr. Cripps fell in "Old English Plate," by describing this spoon as seventeenth century work, Mr. Jones



LARGE SILVER-GILT WINE-FOUNTAIN.

Height, 30 in. : Date, 1660.

takes the most convincing means of proving that it was made in the time of Henry III., probably for the coronation of that monarch, after the loss of the Crown jewels by King John in the Wash. He shows, by comparing the details of the ornamentation of the spoon with similar details in English architecture of the twelfth century, that it belongs to that period, and disproves the suggestion that it was made for the coronation of Charles II. by referring to contemporary documents which establish the fact that the charge of £2 which was paid with respect to it was for re-gilding and repairing and possibly reconstructing the bowl. He also adduces proof that the beautifully wrought and jewelled stem with its delicate, foliated scrollwork (formerly enamelled) was certainly not made by a Caroline, but by a mediæval goldsmith. Of the other articles of plate illustrated and described by Mr. Jones, the most important is the silver-gilt Elizabethan standing-salt, bearing the London hall-marks for the year 1572-73, and known as "Queen Elizabeth's salt." This fine example of a sixteenth century standing-salt has a cylindrical body embossed with panels containing figures of Faith, Hope and Fortitude respectively. It has an embossed convex base which rests on three feet formed of sphinxes, a plain circular receptacle for the salt with a stamped ovolo edge, while the top border of the body is very boldly decorated with fruit and a stamped egg-and-tongue enrichment. It has a domed cover embossed with medallions, and rests on four fine brackets formed of scrolls and dolphins. It is surmounted by a reel-shaped pedestal, ornamented with ovolos and a crown-shaped ornament which supports a standing figure of a knight holding a sword in the left hand and a shield in the right. In his description of this and each of the other salts, which, though of later date, are extremely interesting examples of English plate, Mr. Jones avoids the error into which more than one modern writer on the subject has fallen—namely, of describing the salt as "a barrier which was used to divide the lord and his nobler guests from the inferior guests and menials," an error which seems to have arisen from a misconception of certain passages in the writings of early sixteenth century satirists, such as:

A coxcomb who never drinks below the salt,  
which occurs in "A Mythological Masque," by Ben Jonson;

Plague him; set him beneath the salt, and let him not touch a bit  
till everyone has had his full cut;  
and

Where you are best esteem'd  
You only pass under the favourite name  
Of humble cousins that sit beneath the salt.

—CARTWRIGHT, "Love's Convert."

There is no reference by any of these writers to the salt as a barrier between the guests of different degree, nor if we turn to earlier writers is any indication to be found that the salt "served to divide the nobles from the inferior guests." In John Russell's "Book of Nurture" the butler is directed to "Set your salt on the right side where sits your soverayne." In Wynkyn de Worde's "Booke of Kervynge" the same direction is given, to which is added, "and at every end of ye table set a salt-seller." It seems clear from the above extracts, and from pictures of feasts dating from the fifteenth to the seventeenth century, that the custom with reference to the position of the salt was much the same in former times as it has been until quite recently. The principal articles of plate were placed on the centre of the high table where the host was seated, with his guests on his right and left in order of precedence. Of course, when the seats at the high table were filled, the other guests had to sit at the



THE ROYAL "SALT OF STATE."

Height, 18½ in.; Date, 1660.

imposing article of plate, but the beauty of its design may be considered open to question. Among other salts of smaller size which Mr. Jones illustrates and describes in his interesting book, there are several which plate lovers might place higher in their estimation as works of art. The large silver-gilt wine-fountain presented to Charles II. by the Mayor and Burgesses of Plymouth is a fine example of the embossed plate characteristic of the period of the Restoration. It is formed of an octagonal structure supported by a domical foot which rests on four sea-nymphs. Projecting from the lower part of the structure are four large receptacles for bottles of wine. In the four principal sides of the central shaft are niches containing figures of Neptune and sea-nymphs, and below these are four large escalloped shells projecting from the structure. It is surmounted by a pedestal which supports a female figure holding serpents in her uplifted hands, which Mr. Jones suggests may be a representation of Erinnyes, or perhaps Cleopatra.

The tankards and flagons are all fine bold specimens of the art of the silversmith of the latter half of the seventeenth century, and are not only excellently illustrated, but are described in a manner as interesting to the student as to the collector of plate. Not the least interesting of the articles illustrated are the maces, in which are displayed much of the finest work of the English goldsmith of the late Stewart period; while in the chapel plate we have a couple of examples of communion-cups of the early Stewart period which, for simple beauty of form, are among the best of their kind. Much valuable information, never before published, will be found in the appendix, which contains a number of extracts from the Lord Chamberlain's books, preserved in the Record Office, relating to various alterations and additions which were made to some of the regalia for the coronations of English Sovereigns from James II. to George IV. Many points hitherto regarded as doubtful, and which as late as 1907, in Davenport's "English Regalia," were treated as uncertain, are by Mr. Jones's extracts now permanently settled, as, for example: "The gold sceptre with an enamelled dove on the top of it was expressly made for the coronation of Queen Mary II. at a cost of £165 18s. 6d., and the gold bracelets were entirely re-enamelled for the coronation of George IV." Other items of interest contained in these extracts which will by many be considered strange are the references to the loan of brilliants for the coronation of

tables below; and among these, even in modern times, there may be found a coxcomb dissatisfied with his position who, in the words of Ben Jonson, would "never drink below the salt."

The largest of the Royal salts preserved in the jewel-house is in the form of a square tower with a three-quarter drum-tower attached to each of the four corners, with a circular tower superimposed over the centre; the whole wrought in imitation of heavy-coursed masonry resting on a massive projecting rocky base supported on four ball feet. The muzzles of guns project through openings in two faces of the super-structure, and among its enrichments were twenty rubies, thirty sapphires and twenty-three emeralds. Mr. Jones tells us that this salt is described as "a rich salt-cellar of state in form like the square White Tower, and so exquisitely wrought that the workmanship of modern times is in no degree equal to it. It is only used on the King's table at the Coronation." Its importance as the salt of state, occupying the chief position among the plate at the coronation banquets in Westminster Hall, from the time of Charles II. to George IV., when the custom came to an end, necessitated the expenditure of considerable sums upon it for cleaning and re-gilding from time to time. It is no less than 18½ in. in height, and was presented to Charles II. by the Corporation of the City of Exeter in 1660. It is an

George IV., for which Messrs. Rundell and Bridge were paid in the aggregate no less than £25,996! Yet notwithstanding the payment of such an immense sum for the mere hire of diamonds, there were at the same time false jewels, such as "rosettes of crystal, coloured paste and patent pearls," used in repairing the

"old Imperial crown." As a catalogue raisonné of a Royal collection of plate of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, this, the most recent of the numerous works of Mr. Jones, will be found by students, collectors and dealers in plate both interesting and instructive.

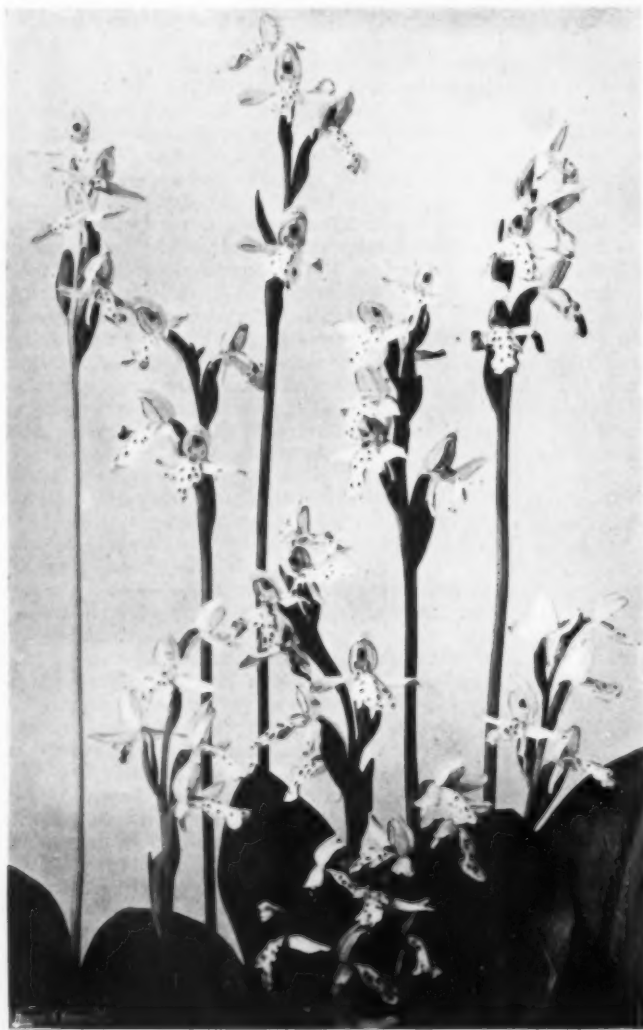
C. J. JACKSON.

## ORCHIDS IN THE ROCKIES.

ORCHID-HUNTING has an irresistible attraction for every lover of Nature. Whether the secret of the fascination lies in the difficulties which beset the search for the rarer species, or whether it is the strange forms, sweet perfumes and tropical appearances of many of the flowers belonging to this eccentric family that inspire so vivid a delight in the breast of man, it is hard to determine; but assuredly the traveller experiences a thrill of ecstasy akin to awe on finding one of these uncanny plants closely hidden in some shady swamp, or deep-set amid the tall, rank herbage of the hills. So far, I have found twenty-three different species of orchidaceæ in the Rocky and Selkirk Mountains of Canada. They are as follows: *Calypso borealis*, calypso; *Corallorhiza innata*, early coral-root; *Corallorhiza multiflora*, large coral-root; *Corallorhiza striata*, alpine coral-root; *Listera cordata*, heart-leaved tway-blade; *Listera convallarioides*, broad-flipped tway-blade; *Listera borealis*, northern tway-blade; *Spiranthes romanzoffiana*, ladies' tresses; *Goodyera Menziesii*, rattle-snake plantain; *Goodyera repens*, small rattle-snake plantain; *Habenaria bracteata*, long-bracted orchis; *Habenaria obtusata*, small orchis; *Habenaria hyperborea*, leafy orchis; *Habenaria orbiculata*, round-leaved orchis; *Habenaria stricta*, green orchis; *Habenaria dilatata*, white bog orchis; *Habenaria leucostachys*, giant orchis; *Orchis rotundifolia*, fly-spotted orchis; *Cypripedium passerinum*, white lady's slipper; *Cypripedium montanum*, mountain lady's slipper; *Cypripedium acaule*, pink lady's slipper; *Cypripedium pubescens*, large yellow lady's slipper; and *Cypripedium parviflorum*, small yellow lady's slipper. Some of the orchids are quite common in the Rocky Mountains, such, for instance, as the lovely calypso (*Calypso borealis*), whose large rose pink sacs, striped with a deeper hue



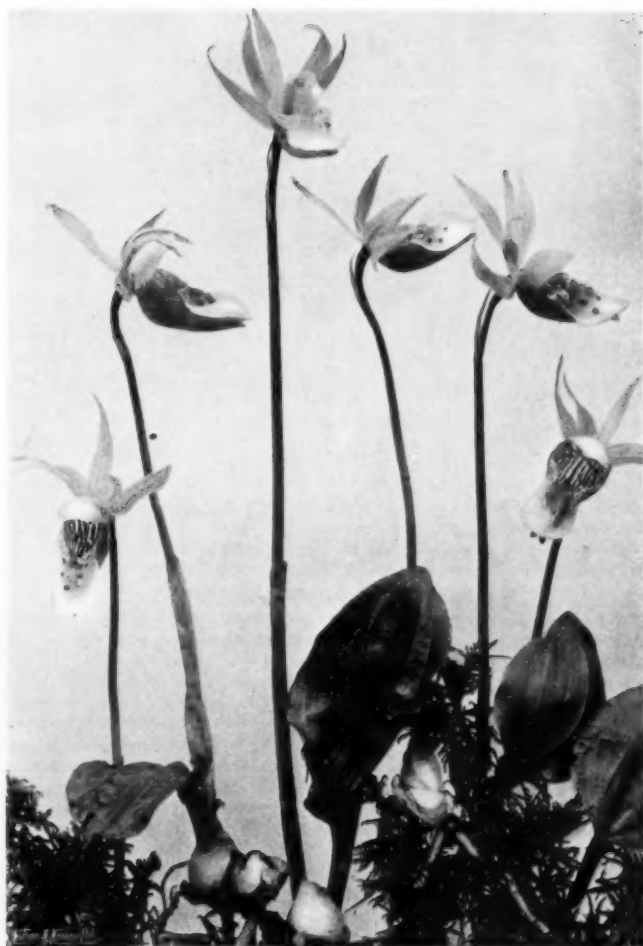
LARGE YELLOW LADY'S SLIPPER.



FLY-SPOTTED ORCHIS.

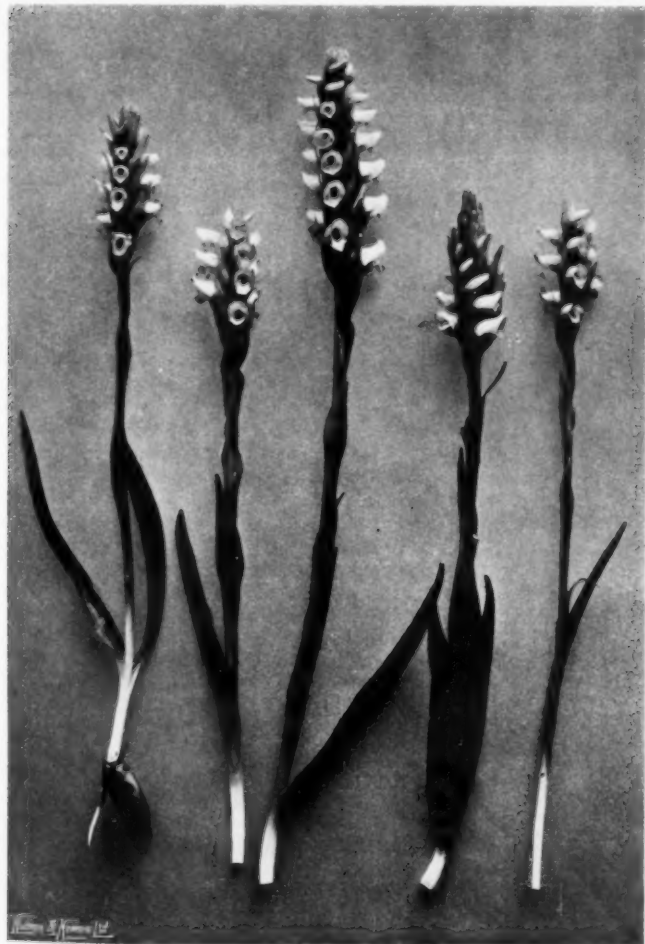
and variegated by yellow spots, form clumps of exquisite colour in the deep green forests.

A very interesting and leafless plant is the early coral-root (*Corallorhiza innata*), found in quantities in the vicinity of Banff, where numbers of its queer purplish green flowers spring on succulent stems from the coralloid roots. Other species found in the Selkirk Mountains are large coral-root (*Corallorhiza multiflora*) and alpine coral-root (*Corallorhiza striata*), the latter being a very rare plant. The healthy green tway-blades (*Listera cordata*, *Listera convallarioides* and *Listera borealis*), together with the rattle-snake plantains (*Goodyera Menziesii* and *Goodyera repens*), the two latter having peculiar white-veined leaves, are all found in the mountain regions, but are comparatively unattractive plants. Ladies' tresses (*Spiranthes romanzoffiana*) is a lovely member of the orchid family found blooming towards the close of the summer in marshy localities, where its dense snowy flower-spikes exhale a fragrant perfume. The habenarias are very numerous in the mountains. Some of them, such as the white bog orchis (*Habenaria leucostachys*), have exquisite large spikes of white sweet-scented flowers, and are a perfect prize to the Nature-lover; while others, such as the long-bracted orchis (*Habenaria bracteata*), small orchis (*Habenaria obtusata*), leafy orchis (*Habenaria hyperborea*), round-leaved orchis (*Habenaria orbiculata*) and green orchis (*Habenaria stricta*) are small plants and have greenish, yellowish, or purplish blossoms that are almost scentless. These lesser orchids grow in the woods and beside the trails, and are easily recognised, as each species possesses its own marked individual peculiarities. On wet sandy flats and by the margin of the alpine streams grow the pale pink clusters of the fly-spotted orchis (*Orchis rotundifolia*), its dainty blossoms splashed with rose colour, and a single rounded green leaf growing at the base of the plant. And so we come at last to the most exquisite of all the wild mountain orchids—the lady's slippers. To find these wonderful treasures



CALYPSO BOREALIS.

growing in swamp or dell, their curious inflated sacs expanding with tropical luxuriance amid northern alpine surroundings, is



LADIES' TRESSES.

a thrilling experience unequalled in the history of flower-hunting; and so completely does the sight of their mysterious beauty enthrall the beholder that it is with rapture akin to awe that he stoops to gather one of those

Golden slippers meet for fairies' feet

whether it be the large yellow lady's slipper (*Cypripedium pubescens*), or the small yellow lady's slipper (*Cypripedium parviflorum*). The great moraine at Emerald Lake girt with these conspicuous orchids is a marvellous sight in July, for, curiously enough, the large yellow lady's slipper grows both on exposed arid flats and in the deepest seclusion of the woods, while the fragrant small yellow lady's slipper has its haunts close beside the streams. The two white lady's slippers (*Cypripedium passerinum* and *Cypripedium montanum*) are less gorgeous than the yellow species, but are more rare and charmingly dainty in appearance. Their shell-like velvety sacs, spotted inside with carmine, are very lovely. But the pink lady's slipper (*Cypripedium acaule*), the most rare and most bewitching of all the orchids—how shall I describe its exotic beauty! A flower carven in coral of rose, it springs like a living flame from the soft green of its setting, exhaling a perfume sweet as the breath of Araby; lance-shaped purplish sepals spread out on either side to protect



WHITE BOG ORCHIS.

the single drooping blossom, and two large leaves spring up from the base to sentinel its majesty, while the great glowing sac is folded together to defy the attacks of depredating bees. The pink lady's slipper is so extremely rare in the Rocky Mountains that I regard my discovery of it in the year 1903 as the crowning triumph of my botanical work in that region.

JULIA W. HENSHAW.

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

THE PERSECUTED BITTERN.

THE melancholy fate of the few bitterns that now appear in Britain during the winter months is familiar to most of us. Here is the latest instance—a Sussex one—which occurred in Abbot's Wood, near Polegate, on January 4th. Abbot's Wood belongs to Mr. J. E. A. Gwynne, a local landowner. On the day mentioned a son of one of this gentleman's keepers, going into the wood, saw a strange bird sitting in a young tree some 20ft. up. He shook the tree, and the bird, tumbling down with a broken wing, was at once despatched. The

unlucky creature—unlucky in making its way to a country where its species are always hot or knocked down on sight—had obviously been winged by some gunner before it met its untimely fate. It is but fair to say that the owner of the estate on which the bittern was killed is one of the staunchest protectors of rare birds in the county, with the result that on his land many a scarce species finds a sanctuary, instead of a sudden and untimely death. This season not many bitterns have been reported in England; but in some years they are by no means infrequent. In the winter of 1899-1900 specimens were shot in many English counties, though not, that I am aware of, in Sussex.

#### THE BITTERN'S BOOM.

The strange, booming note of the bittern—now, unfortunately, a tradition rapidly becoming remote in these islands—is heard only during the pairing season. Montagu, in his "Ornithological Dictionary," thus describes it: "Those who have walked by the sedgy sides of unfrequented rivers must remember a variety of notes from different water-fowl; the loud scream of the wild goose, the croaking of the mallard, the whining of the lapwing, and the tremulous neighing of the jack-snipe. But of all these sounds there is none so dismally hollow as the booming of the bittern. It is impossible for words to give those who have not heard this evening call an adequate idea of its solemnity. It is like the interrupted bellowing of a bull, but hollower and louder, and is heard at a mile's distance, as if issuing from some formidable being that resided at the bottom of the waters. . . . These bellowing explosions are chiefly heard from the beginning of spring to the end of autumn, and are the usual calls during the pairing season. From the loudness and solemnity of the note many have been led to suppose that the bird made use of external instruments to produce it, and that so small a body could never eject such a quantity of tone. The common people are of opinion that it thrusts its bill into a reed that serves as a pipe for swelling the note above its natural pitch, while others imagine that the bittern puts its head under water and then by blowing violently produces its boomings. The fact is that the bird is sufficiently provided by nature for its call, and it is often heard where there are neither reeds nor waters to assist its sonorous invitations." So much for the beliefs of English rural folk 100 years ago, in the days when the bittern still boomed amid the misty fenlands and marshes of this country. I have never, of course, had the opportunity of hearing the bittern's wild and sonorous miri-g-call at home; but in South Africa I have heard it pretty frequently. Under the clear skies and brilliant sunsets of that country, although I admit the strange solemnity of the note, one finds it, perhaps, somewhat less impressive than if it had been heard towards nightfall in the sullen and dreary fenlands of Lincolnshire and East Anglia. The ordinary note of these birds is a hoarse call in two syllables, which clearly denotes the kinship of this species with the heron family.

#### A DANGEROUS BIRD.

My readers may or may not know that the bittern is a dangerous bird to handle. I have known a sportsman in South Africa who, when running in to pick up a wounded bird which he believed to be dead, received a deep wound from the bittern's bill, which just missed his eye and laid open his brow. This and other members of the heron family strike almost invariably for the face, as near the eyes as possible; and only recently a well-known importer of animals at Hedon, near Hull, was so seriously wounded in the right eye by the bill stroke of a bittern consigned to him that he has permanently lost the sight of that organ. Bitterns were formerly held in high estimation by our ancestors as table-birds, and in Plantagenet times the breeding birds nesting in the fens of Ely were carefully protected. It was, in fact, a criminal offence to take and carry their eggs out of the district. Although these birds, as a rule, appear in this country only singly, they

collect and make their flights on migration in considerable numbers, as many as forty or fifty having been observed together.

#### THE MARSH-HARRIER.

I have, with reluctance, to chronicle the recent occurrence of a marsh-harrier in East Sussex, my reluctance being due to the fact that the unfortunate bird no sooner made its appearance than it was incontinentally slain. I happened to be in at a local taxidermist's not long since, and there saw the specimen, a handsome one—a male—which had just been set up. It was shot, I believe, near Hellingly, not far from Hailsham, and about nine miles north of Eastbourne. The marsh-harrier, now a rare British species, is so splendid a bird that one hears with infinite regret of such instances of its untimely slaughter. I admit, readily, that this harrier is a determined slayer of game-birds and young wildfowl, and that it preys also upon their eggs; for these reasons it was, of course, persistently and rigorously pursued by landlords and their keepers when game-preservation began to be cultivated as a fine art some seventy or eighty years ago. The reclamation of the Fen Country had also much to do with the disappearance of this fine raptorial as a breeding species in this country. But by this time the marsh-harrier has become so rare a bird that its very infrequent occurrences might surely be pardoned. Few keepers can ever be persuaded to allow any bird resembling a hawk to go unscathed. But so many landowners and game-preservers of the present day are interested in Nature and natural history that they are, I am persuaded, ready at all times to assist in the protection of rare and vanishing species. A real and peremptory command conveyed to a gamekeeper by such individuals would, I am convinced, have a not inconsiderable effect in preserving the lives of such interesting wanderers as the marsh, Montagu's and the hen harrier.

#### RANGE OF THE MARSH-HARRIER.

Formerly known to our rural ancestors as the moor-buzzard, duck-hawk and, occasionally, white-headed harpy, the marsh-harrier is now very seldom with us when the young of game-birds are about. It strays mostly to this country in autumn and early winter, when the great marshes of North and Central Europe are gripped in frost and it can no longer find sustenance there. Frogs, reptiles, small mammals and birds form the chief food of this species, and one hard frost is sufficient to drive the bird South into warmer and more inviting regions. In the marshes of Spain, Italy and other parts of Southern Europe this harrier may be observed throughout the year. In summer the bird is found as far North as Archangel and as far East as Turkestan and Kashmir. It breeds during this migration in Denmark, the South of Sweden and Russia, and is, as I have said, a resident throughout the year in the warmer parts of the Continent. In winter it is familiar in India, Ceylon, Burma and much of the northern half of Africa, having been identified in Egypt, Algiers, Morocco, Abyssinia and British East Africa. It is reported also from the Transvaal, which seems to be quite the most southerly occurrence of this bird. Montagu's harrier has long been familiar in South Africa. The marsh-harrier is so very handsome and striking a species that one can almost excuse the feeling which prompts the gunner to lay it low. I have myself collected birds in South Africa, and I can testify readily to the almost overpowering sensation of eagerness when new and rare species are sighted. In this country, however, where the marsh-harrier is now so rare and occasional a visitant, this feeling ought to be sternly repressed. It is idle to expect this grand bird ever to be seen again as a breeding species, although it is whispered that in one or two localities of the Sister Island such a happy consummation is still occasionally to be found. But we can, some of us, do something to try and ensure safety for so distinguished a guest on its passage South; and gamekeepers ought to be specially instructed not to make war upon these birds during their rare and fitful appearances.

H. A. B.

## IN THE GARDEN.

AMONG THE ROSES.—PLANTING IN WOODS AND GAME-COVERTS.

THIS may appear a strange season to write of Roses, but one must think of the summer, when the now apparently lifeless bushes will be smothered with flowers. At the time of writing there is another change in the weather; the frost has returned, but perhaps before these notes are in print it will be possible to plant with safety. It has often been remarked that there are only two seasons for planting trees and shrubs, namely, autumn and spring; but this is a mistake. The wise plan is to plant whenever the weather is favourable. March brings its keen, life-destroying winds, and sometimes frost, and when April dawns, the planting-time for practically everything, except evergreens, is at an end. With regard to Roses, therefore, advantage should be taken of an opportunity to carry out any arrears of planting, especially in woods, game-coverts or wild garden. It is gratifying that those who own large estates are planting the rambler Roses extensively. What scope there is for the artist who is able to picture to himself the completed scene which a bold group of, say, Penzance Briars, Hiawatha rambler, or Conrad F. Meyer rugosa would give—masses of flowers tumbling over each other and standing out against the foliage in all their picturesque beauty! I have seen numbers of clear spaces in woods and spinneys not far from the house where, with due care in preparing the ground and planting, masses of colour could be produced; and many of these beautiful Roses are not only "decorative," but the fruit they yield would be welcome for the game. An opportunity is sometimes offered of using a number of big stumps of trees which are frequently found cast aside. Place these in groups here and there where they are conspicuous and

plant around them three or four of the charming Wichuraiana Roses. In two or three years little of the roots will be seen, even though they may be built up 8ft. to 10ft. high, but in their place a flood of the most graceful Roses ever raised, with delightful foliage and long trails of flowers. Pruning Rose hedges is a work that may be done better now than later in the year. The pruning will not be so much the shortening back of last year's growths as the cutting out of some of the oldest wood. In some cases an old growth may be bent down horizontally to furnish new shoots for a gap. Do not be tempted to use shears in pruning the tall hedges which are formed with Ayrshire and Evergreen Roses. Much of their beauty exists in the graceful drooping of the growths when wreathed as they will be with bloom.

Liquid manure that accumulates at this season of the year could profitably be given to these Rose hedges and also to rambler sorts on arches and pergolas. Where there have been heavy rains and the manure has overflowed the sunk pits, such liquid will be none too strong and may safely be given without diluting it. Manure should be given to the beds at once if this was not done in November, and should the ground be in condition the manure should be dug in at once. I know it is difficult for many amateurs to obtain farmyard manure; but there are often opportunities when soot can be obtained, and this is an excellent fertiliser for Tea Roses especially. Spread it over the soil on a calm day and fork it in immediately. Tonk's manure should be given early in February at the rate of 1lb. to a square yard. Spread it over the surface and not close to any particular plant. Encourage the roots of the Roses to run about for it. After applying, just hoe it under the soil. This manure is given supplementary to farmyard manure. If the latter is not available,



ROCK GARDEN MADE IN THREE DAYS (THE ENTRANCE)

do not give a double dose of Tonk's, but make up the deficiency with liquid manure in May and June.

Both standard Briars and the dwarf stocks of all sorts that were budded last summer may now be cut back. In the case of the former, leave 2in. or 3in. of the Briar beyond where budded; but the dwarfs should be cut back to the bud. After cutting back, proceed on the first favourable opportunity to lightly dig in among the stems, taking care to turn over all the surface soil 1in. or 2in. deep.

#### A ROCK GARDEN IN A FEW DAYS

ONE of the most successful and interesting rock gardens I have seen is shown in the accompanying illustrations. The photographs were taken at the Essex Agricultural Show in Lexden Park, Colchester, last June, and depict an exhibit arranged by Messrs. R. Wallace and Co. of Colchester. Although the time it was possible to give to the arrangement was only a little over two days, the effect was so natural and looked so permanent as to fully justify the two views shown. Unfortunately, however, in the illustration representing the view from the entrance, the effect of a very fine bold piece of work in the distance, in the form of a massive jutting out of rock, which really set the keynote to the scheme, is lost owing to a slight error in the angle at which the camera was set; this, however, is well shown in the other illustration. The idea was to show what could be done on a piece of flat ground in the way of creating as nearly as possible a natural effect. One frequently finds—and it is hardly necessary to go to the Alps or the Himalayas for it, our own Pennine or Grampian Hills are quite far enough—a hollow rift in land containing an underlying stratum of stone, as though some seismic or other disturbance had rent the whole asunder, tossing masses hither and thither in all directions and creating a miniature ravine, with rocks jutting from the sides, in which the crevices and crannies have gradually become overgrown with our beautiful native flora. It must have been a remembrance of some such picturesque effect as this that suggested the formation of the temporary rock garden shown in the illustrations, and seeing it in its completed stage, it was easy to imagine that Nature in one of her vagaries had created just such a miniature chasm and then came along and lavishly and tastefully besprinkled it with her choicest gems from the Alps, Caucasus, Himalayas and the Sans and Yamas of Japan, for here one saw broad masses of *Azalea rostrata*, groups of tiny Alpine *Campanulas*, *Heucheras* from North America, rare *Pentstemons* from California and blue Mountain Daisies from the Caucasus and tablelands of Northern Asia. Conspicuous among the Daisies or Asters were some bold masses of *Aster subcaeruleus major*, with very large flowers of a cool, greyish blue, that shaded away befittingly into the grey tint of the stone used, the whole completing a typical June rock garden in its brightest aspect, in which, so admirably was the idea executed, there seemed no jarring note.

Judging from the keen interest taken by the public generally in this exhibit, one is of the opinion that this is an innovation that is worthy of the greatest encouragement in connection with such shows. Not only does it provide an interesting and attractive feature that is highly appreciated by visitors, but it also represents what can be done under given conditions in our own gardens, however flat and uninteresting they may otherwise be. Messrs. R. Wallace and Co. are to be complimented on the results achieved in the brief time at their disposal.

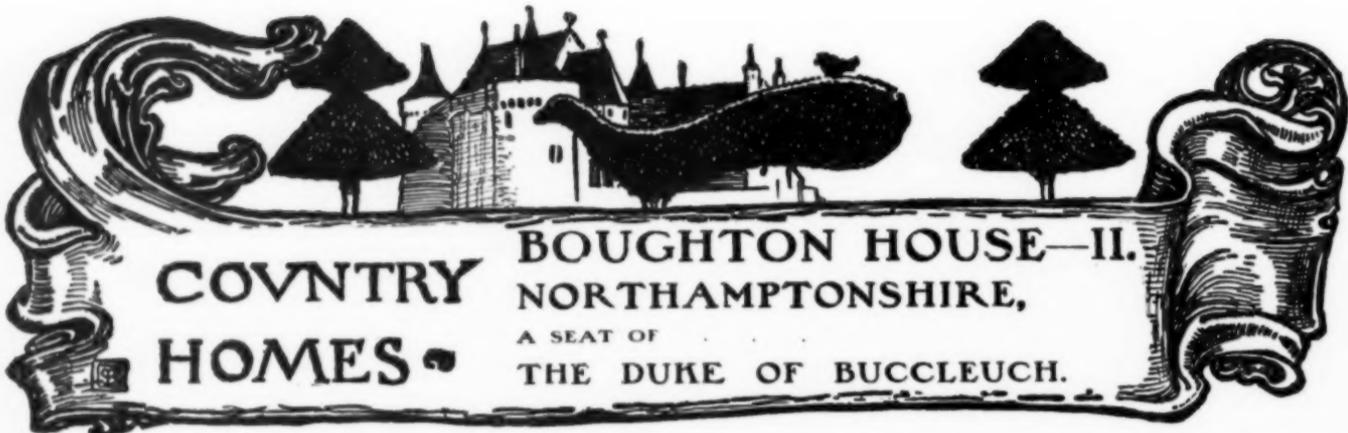
#### A HELPFUL BOOK.

A book full of practical hints on many horticultural subjects is Miss Emmeline Crocker's "Thirty-nine Articles on Gardening." She has studied in some of the best of Nature's Gardens, such as the Rocky Mountains and Ceylon, and she therefore knows a wide range of flora in their native habitats. She has worked under effective guidance at Glasnevin, that thoroughly well-managed Irish botanical garden of which she tells us much in two of her articles. She has superintended, on her own account, the improved laying out of a large Cornish garden in the Falmouth region, and her description of Carclew—another garden in the same neighbourhood—shows that she thoroughly understands what gardening in that county means. Her manner of writing is essentially short, direct and business-like. She can therefore really tell an incipient garden-lover and garden-worker what he wants to know as to modes of planting, cultivating and pruning a whole host of divergent botanic families in various soils and climes. How apt and sensible is this little paragraph on the winter-flowering Algerian iris generally known as *stylosa*: "Plants of *Iris arguicularis* should be bought about May, and put in touching the foot of a south wall. I emphasise 'touching' because I have so often asked that they might be planted close to it, and have usually found a space of some inches between the wall and the specimen, where moisture can creep in and become very injurious. When firmly settled give a good soaking of water and leave alone. Occasionally, if the summer be very dry, give another soaking—never a little, that is harmful. In November begin to look for flowers, which should always be gathered in bud, for the texture of the petals is frail and easily blemished by wind and insects. The blossom opens well in water." Miss Crocker has thought much on the subject of grouping with a view to successful combinations of both colour and form. She also understands how alpine and rock plants may have a setting created for them where they will not only do well but look well. Here, again, she has studied in the right school. "Lately I saw in the Alps a large block of stone giving a grand lesson in the value of aspect. One face of this stone was covered with primula, another with saxifrage, and a third with roses; but the plants were not intermixed. Each had chosen and succeeded in the position it preferred." This will certainly be a helpful book to many.

T.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE ROCK GARDEN.



**COVNTRY HOMES** **BOUGHTON HOUSE—II.**  
**NORTHAMPTONSHIRE,**  
 A SEAT OF  
**THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH.**

**T**HERE is no actual record of when Ralph Montagu carried out his building operations at Boughton, but Bowyer assigns them to the period between his quarrel with the Court under Charles II. and the accession of William III. Certainly, all was ready for that monarch's reception there in 1694, when "his majesty with the whole court were magnificently entertained." They must, therefore, have been in full swing here and at Montagu House when, by the death of his first wife in 1690, the great Percy jointure ceased to flow into his exchequer. Although his own fortune made him a very rich man, his large expenditure was a strain on his resources, and he again looked about for a wealthy widow. His first wife had married her daughter, Elizabeth Percy, when quite a child, to a boy husband in the person of the heir to the Dukedom of Newcastle. But Lord Ogle was a sickly lad who soon died, and the dukedom came to an end with his father's death, so far as the Cavendishes were concerned. Most of the estates went to the Earl of Clare, son of one of his daughters. Another daughter and co-heir, Elizabeth, married the Duke of Albemarle, and on his death she became one of the richest, but also one of the most eccentric, widows in the matrimonial market. She set so high a price upon herself that she declared she was for no one but a crowned head. There seemed no chance for Montagu, who was then a mere Earl. But here the "assiduity and cleverness" which de Grammont had noticed in him as a young man came into play. Decked out in the character of the Emperor of China he wooed and won his widow! If he had no throne for her, he was at least doing his best to house her in a palace "contrived after the model of

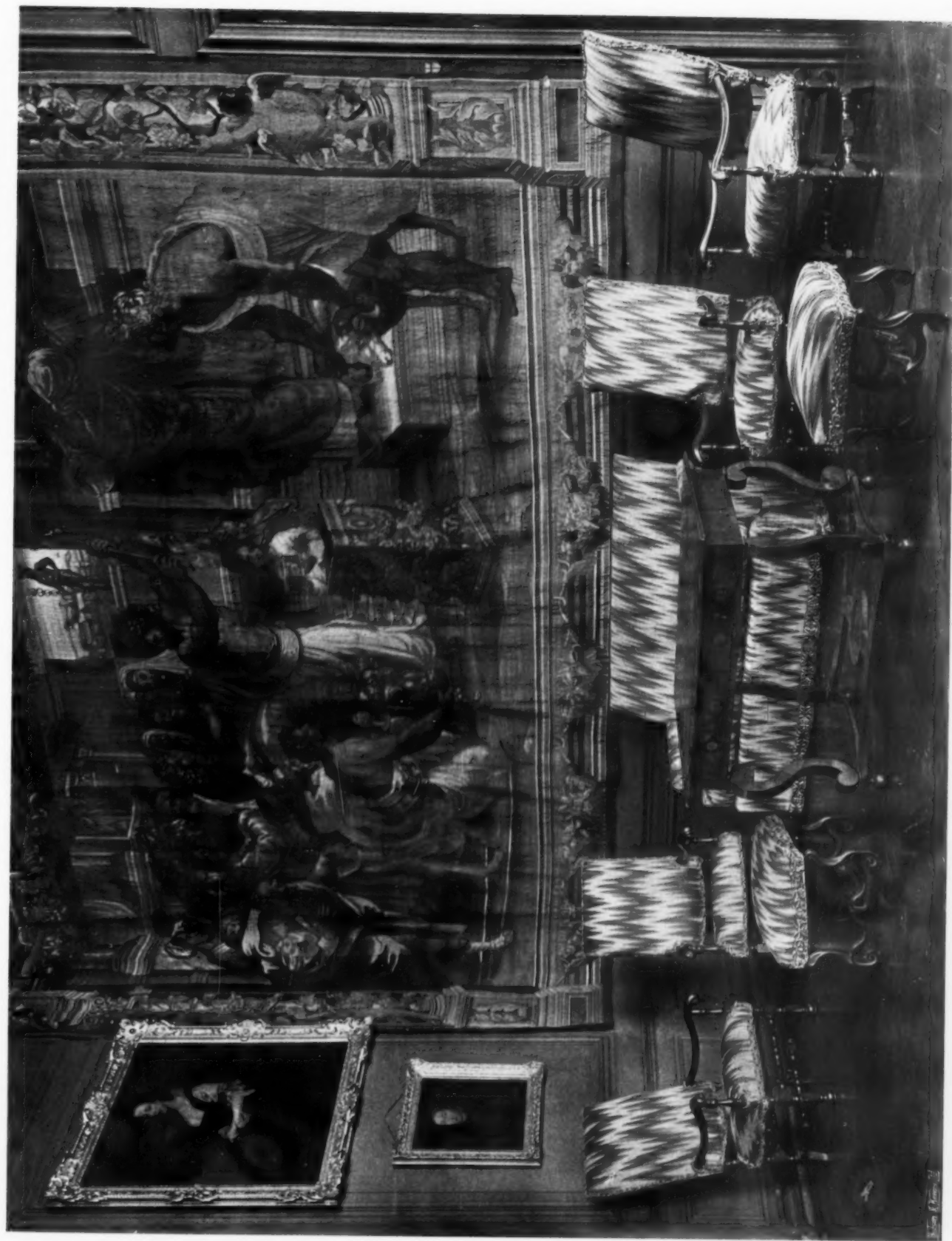
Versailles." It cannot be said that the plan of Boughton is satisfactory. It lacks the dignified disposition which its style and size call for, and which could only have been obtained by a complete design untrammelled by the juxtaposition and inclusion of buildings alien to its spirit. There is no grand entrance and hall such as inevitably formed the central feature of all architects' plans at this time. The ground floor of the central part of the north elevation, behind the arcading, is dark and tortuous. The principal hall, which was illustrated last week, belongs to the older house, and gives one the impression, by its position and character, of resolutely refusing to form an integral part of the new one despite Verrio's goddesses. All this is interesting and unexpected, but not satisfying in a classic palace, the object of which is to be picturesque and undisciplined. But once within the long procession of apartments on the first floor, opening out of each other in ordered sequence, we recognise that the "Magnificent" Montagu was a true pupil of the "Grand Monarque" and copied his ceremonious mode of arranging his life within his domicile. At the same time, the views of the "state-rooms" show that they are not especially French in character. There is a quietness and reserve about them which remind one of Hampton Court rather than of Versailles. The oak wainscoting is in those large raised panels which were in vogue under William and under Anne. It rises up to meet the bold ceiling cornice, above which Verrio's gods and goddesses spread themselves out on many of the ceilings. The open hearths are surrounded by massive marble mouldings, but there are as a rule no chimney-pieces, the chimney breast above the marble being wainscotted with a horizontal panel to take a looking-glass and a vertical one on



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THE UNUSED NORTH PAVILION.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

SECOND STATE ROOM.

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which to hang a picture. Such is the structure of the suites of apartments on the first floor—reached by the great Verrio painted staircase—which occupy the north central block and its west end pavilion. The opposite pavilion is a mere shell, and has not even floors to divide it into storeys. It is not, however, the rooms by themselves, but the rooms in combination with their contents, that are so singularly striking. They remain almost as Duke Ralph left them. Nothing has been added and very little subtracted, for those were not days of overcrowding. From the walls many generations of Montagus look down upon the scene. There are three portraits of the Chief Justice, but not all contemporary. That which appears above the doorway of the pavilion ante-room, depicting him in his official gear, is, however, probably of his own age, or soon after, and the face here has a

other towns." It was to such factories that many of Raphael's cartoons were sent by Leo X. to be executed, and there, cut into slips and packed into boxes, they lay neglected when Charles I. encouraged Sir Francis Crane to carry on tapestry works at Mortlake. It was for use there that the King, through Rubens, bought some of them. They lived through the Commonwealth, and were again at Mortlake to be copied under Charles II. Under William III. seven of them were hung in Wren's gallery at Hampton Court, where, after going to Windsor and Buckingham Palace, they again are. The accompanying illustrations show how rich the walls of Boughton are in such tapestries—some the produce of the Flemish and some from the Mortlake looms—and among them are the seven Hampton Court subjects. The "Sacrifice at Lystra" and

"Paul Preaching at Athens" will be readily recognised. From the walls the eye glances to the floor, and here finds even rarer treasures in the shape of a great collection of furniture, faded indeed by time and worn with age, but absolutely original and untouched. Whether Duke Ralph indulged his French proclivities by importing much furniture from that country the writer will not venture to say. At Boughton such pieces are not now numerous, and none appears in the photographs which accompany this article. There is not a single piece illustrated that is not English, and not one that dates later than the reign of Anne. It is not merely that the framework of beds and sofas, chairs and stools is intact; they also retain the coverings and fringes that they possessed on the occasion of the Royal visit of 1694. Many of them were not new then. The bed resembles those in which Charles II. slept at Glemham and Rushbrooke rather than those of immense height, which William III. introduced at Hampton Court. It is, indeed, for its wealth of Charles II. furniture that the Boughton collection is specially distinguished. In the early days of the Restoration, the straight leg and straight stretcher of simple lathe-turned designs still continued. They were a survival of the style of James and Charles I., when oak was still the dominant material. But walnut soon established itself as the fashionable wood under Charles II., its texture recommending it for the elaborate twists and curves and carvings which the new love of splendour and elaboration demanded. The scrolled leg, approaching the later full cabriole form, and the flat sculptured stretcher were therefore introduced. Armchairs of the earlier type occur in the second state-room and



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THE FIRST STATE ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

strong resemblance to that of the effigy in Weekley Church. There are likewise three portraits of Elizabeth Wriothesley, on whose beauty Evelyn remarks, and one of them may be seen hanging in the second state-room. In the first state-room are full-length pictures of Duke John the Planter and his wife. The latter appears in the illustration, and beyond it hangs the first baron in his peer's robes. The next wall is devoted to one of the doubtful Raphael cartoons. This "Vision of Ezekiel" was long held to be the veritable work of the master, but authorities now declare it to be a copy, with variations, of the little picture in the Pitti Palace at Florence, and Dr. Waagen is convinced that both this cartoon and that of the "Holy Family" on another wall "were executed by Netherlandish artists, as patterns for the tapestry manufactories at Arras and Tournay and

of the later kind in the lower dining-room. In the King's bedroom the armchairs combine the two modes; there are scrolled legs and a carved front stretcher, but the side and centre turned stretchers are also there. Of the stools belonging to this set—and stools were still so much used that half-a-dozen was the usual number to accompany every suite of furniture—two may be recognised in another room, while the one at the foot of the bed has its fellows in the second state-room, where the coverings are of that prismatic type of needlework which has lately again become fashionable. But ladies of the present day have not the assiduity with the needle which characterised their ancestresses, and a single cushion of this somewhat wearying stitching is considered an achievement. A still later form of chair is present in the pavilion ante-room.

The stretchers in this type are less in evidence. They start from near the bottom of the leg and consist of two simple semi-circles or composite serpentine meeting in the centre, whence rises a finial. These must have been recent additions when William III. was there, as the type is generally called after him. His reign was, no doubt, the time of its prevalence, though it occurs earlier. The legs are in some cases scrolled, but in others are straight. But though straight they no longer depend merely

lord with ambitions still unappeased. He was husband to a Duchess, but not himself a Duke. Three years later, however, came his chance. His surviving son, John, was in his eighteenth year, which was quite a marriageable age, and the old diplomatist concluded the most successful negotiation of his life. The battle of Blenheim had been won and nothing could be denied to the victor. So a Marlborough-Montagu marriage project was started. In March, 1705, John Montagu wedded Lady



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THE KING'S ROOM.

'COUNTRY LIFE.'

on turning for the detail, but often have square, octagon and carved members. Only in the first state-room does any furniture occur which may have been introduced later than the King's visit. The curved back and the cabriole leg were only being tentatively used when James II. was displaced by his nephew and his daughter in 1688, and they did not reach universal acceptance until Anne reigned. Her accession found Boughton's

Mary Churchill. And in April his father set the strawberry leaves on his brow. That seems to have satisfied him. What more was there to do? He was a man to relish the effort of striving, not the calm of realisation, and three years later he lay dead. He was a man of much character, good and bad, a full-blooded product of that Restoration age when men took large doses of what the course of life brought them, and were

not over-scrupulous of the means towards their ends, nor squeamish in matters of social or of political morality. But it needed the strong political bias of an unbridled tongue to cail him, as Swift does, "as arrant a knave as any of his time," and we prefer to look upon him as the builder of two great houses, which, thought Bowyer in the next generation, "remain still as the best Patterns of building we have in England and show the genius of the Great Contriver." Nor was it only of houses, but

Additions that they are esteemed now the largest in England." They lay west of the house. To-day all but the noble lines of trees bordering the wide central glade and the narrower side avenues are gone, but in the early eighteenth century the great space, which lies beyond that lonely relic of the past, the fine lead vase which is illustrated, was full of every incident known to the school of Le Nôtre. Near the house were elaborate parterres, the "embroidered" beds alternating with statues



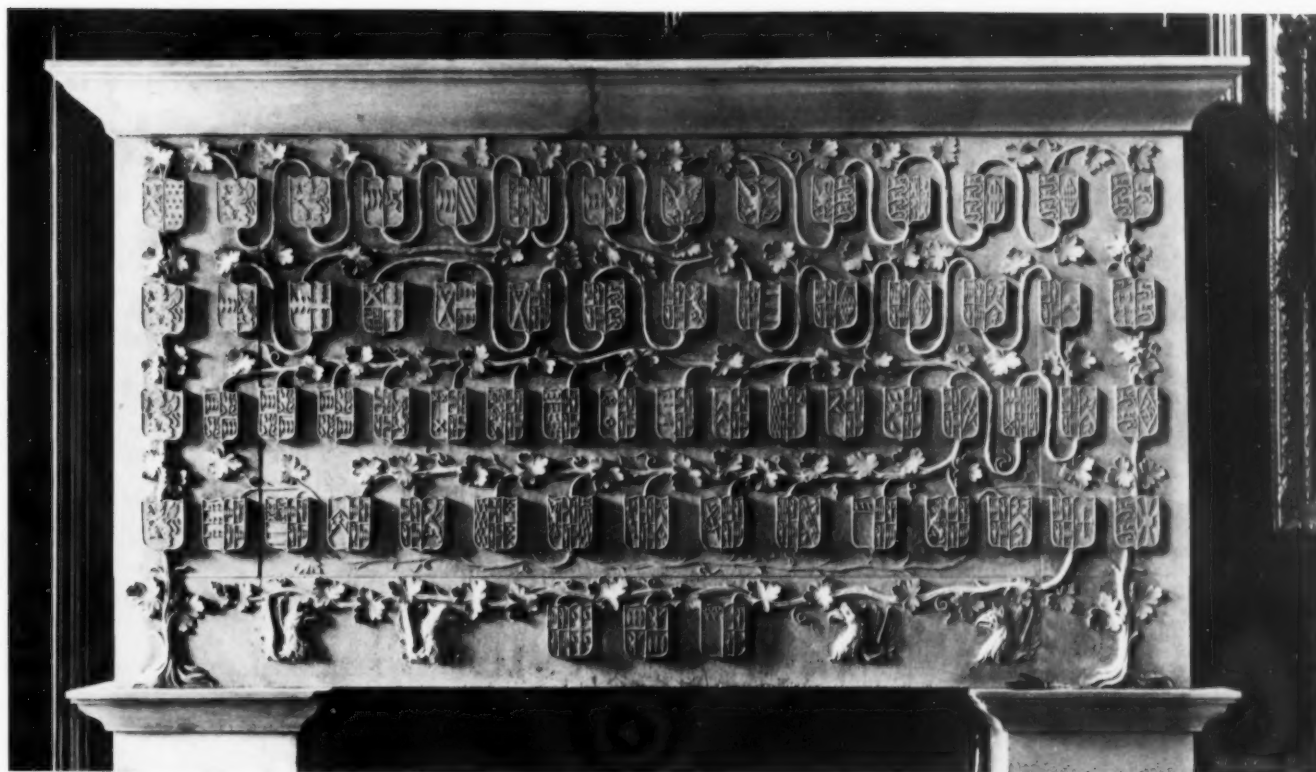
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TAPESTRY IN SECOND STATE ROOM: ST. PAUL PREACHING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of gardens also, that he was a "great contriver." Boughton was celebrated not merely for Duke John's vistas, but for the elaborate works which his father had nearly finished before he died. In giving the plan of the hundred acres thus laid out, Campbell in his "Vitruvius Britannicus," published under George I., tells us that the "gardens were formed by the late Duke and improved by his present Grace with so many

and fountains. A little north of the west façade of the house commenced the far-stretching system of canals and water basins, the whole river Ise being used to serve this watery network which not only bordered the grounds for a large space down the valley, but was brought at many points into their very midst, to serve basins studded with water-jets. Of these, the largest, or Water Parterre, remains as a wilderness of flags and bulrushes



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*"THERE WAS NOTHING BUT PEDIGREES ALL AROUND ME."*

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and is still known by the old name of the "Dripping Pan." Great groves, where thickets alternate with alleys and clearances, formed the Wilderness of Apartments, while beyond this, on the way south to Weekley, was "a large Wilderness having ten equidistant walks concentrating in a round area adorned with statues and containing a

Pheasantry." Where there is still a waterfall there was then a cascade of considerable architectural pretensions. The water fell in five stages. Along the edge of the top-most of these were thirteen fountains throwing up water, while the cascade descended between its statue-lined sides into a basin below, where there was another set of jets



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*THE LOWER DINING-ROOM.*

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Morton, in his "Natural History of Northamptonshire," published in 1712, described the whole grounds, and of this special section tells us that it is a "very agreeable and charming Entertainment both to the Eye and Ear, and a lovely Refreshment to the Standers by, in a hot and sultry Air." Less agreeable, however, it must have been to them when the second ducal owner was pleasing himself with those water tricks to "wet y<sup>e</sup> Company, designed for diversion," which delighted Celia Fiennes at Wilton, and which quite serious and sedate people seem to have appreciated in the days of the later Stewarts. Duke John seems still to have thoroughly enjoyed them when George II. was King, for the great Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough, says of him shortly before his death: "All my son-in-law's talents lie in things natural to boys of fifteen and he is about two and fifty. To get people into his gardens and wet them with squirts, to invite people to his country house and put things in their beds to make them itch . . . were some of his favourite pastimes. He had probably offended the susceptible and none too good-natured dame ere he earned this character,

James's time "there were four thousand persons derived from the very body of the Chief Justice." Dying in 1749, Duke John's great inheritance passed to his only daughter, Lady Mary, who had married her neighbour, the Earl of Cardigan. He took his father-in-law's name, and the dukedom was given to him in 1766. Boughton, however, ceased to be a principal and much-used seat, Deene Park, the old home of the Brudenells, which lies a few miles north of Boughton, being preferred, especially as Lady Cardigan's right to Boughton was questioned. This accounts for the scene which Horace Walpole — no great friend of the Cardigans—describes when, as a tourist, he visited Boughton in 1763. He had only just got there when the owners "in a coach and six and three chaises arrived with a cold dinner in their pockets on their way to Deene, for, as it is in dispute, they never reside at Boughton. This was most unlucky that we should pitch on the only hour in the year in which they are there. I was so disconcerted and so afraid of falling foul of the Countess and her caprices that I hurried from chamber to chamber and scarce knew what I saw, but that the house is in the grand old



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ANTE-ROOM OF THE HIGH PAVILION SUITE

"COUNTRY LIFE."

which scarcely agrees with Horace Walpole's estimate of him, for he writes: "My father had a great opinion of his understanding and at the beginning of the war was most desirous of persuading him to be generalissimo. But the Duke was very diffident of himself, and having seen little service would not accept it. In short with some foibles he was a most amiable man and one of the most feeling I ever saw." This surely is a truer picture of the man who could undertake and carry out the patient task of forming seventy-two miles of avenues, with which object in view he rounded the estates by the purchase of additional manors. They remain the finest feature in the scenery of the district, and the best monument of one who could laboriously carry out an improvement the fruition of which could only be enjoyed by those who came after him. It was the deed of a man who had no son to succeed him. He was the last of the male line of Montagu of Boughton, of that race whose earlier heads had been so prolific that Pepys was told, as "a known and certain fact," that in King

French style, that gods and goddesses lived over my head in every room and that there was nothing but pedigrees all around me and under my feet, for there is literally a coat of arms at the end of every step of the stairs." The great heraldic tree hung with sixty-four shields, on the mantel-piece of what is now called the Smoking Hall, proves that Horace Walpole's description holds good at the present day. This apartment lies next to the great staircase—still with its gods and goddesses on the ceiling and its coats of arms on its steps—faces west and looks out on to the Dripping Pan. It is one of the ground floor rooms (itself rising to two-storey height), which are those most occupied now during the occasional visits of the Dukes of Buccleuch. Their inheritance of the Montagu estates came from the marriage of the third Duke with Lady Elizabeth, only surviving child of Duke John the Planter's daughter. The third Duke of Buccleuch was Sir Walter Scott's "kindest friend," as he was to most of those whom he knew and appreciated, and there was "scarce a dry eye among the assistants" when he was buried in 1812. His Duchess survived him for fifteen years. As a

Montagu she was buried in Warkton Church, which, since Duke Ralph's time, had succeeded Weekley as the mortuary chapel of the family. She lay in state at Boughton, "and miles and miles of carriages and of people on horseback" formed the procession which accompanied her to her last resting-place down the stately southern avenue planted by her grandfather. With this scene the book of the annals of Boughton seems to close naturally. It is a place with a past and of the past. If a chronicler of England under the later Stewarts wished to environ himself with the true atmosphere of the age he was about to depict, where could he do so better than amid the silence of those great avenues and the solemnity of those vacant rooms? T.

## WHITING, SUMMER AND WINTER.

THAT blameless fish, the whiting, must be inseparably associated in the minds of many people with the convalescent stage of a severe illness, so fond are doctors of allowing it as the first solid food after a long régime of "slops." The invalid who regards the whiting as the herald of recovery, as the swallow is the herald of spring, will forgive its want of flavour, and I have even here and there met an epicure with nothing but praise for it. After all, one's favourite fish is a matter of taste. Some swear by salmon or sole, and others have a simpler fancy for a cod steak or a fresh herring. For me there will never again be a fish to beat a flying-fish fried as they know how to fry it only at Barbados. As food, the whiting is the very opposite of the herring or the mackerel. There is little or no oil in its flesh, and it is firm and flaky, like its big cousin, the cod. It is, however, a much smaller fish, and discards the family beard in its early youth. On some parts of the coast they call it "silver whiting," doubtless to distinguish it from the browner pout; otherwise, of silver as we know it in the salmon or mullet it has very little. It is smooth to the touch, and may be handled without danger from the fins; but the teeth are very numerous, and as sharp as needles. The best of whiting-fishing is in winter-time. On many parts of the coast they say the whiting come in with the blackberries, and the coincidence is near enough. Not, indeed, until the leaves are falling and the early mornings begin to be frosty do the great legions of whiting come close to the land in pursuit of the sprats and whitebait on which they feed. It is then that, on fine tackle, they give excellent sport, making up in numbers what they lack in size. From October to Christmas they swarm in many an East Coast estuary. The "Deeps" at Walton, the rivers at Maldon, Burnham and Southend witness a daily slaughter on such a scale that the wonder is that there are always plenty on the morrow. I doubt whether any county beats Essex as a rendezvous of winter whiting, and this means great opportunities for London anglers, who, with light gut paternosters baited with lugworm, mussel or fresh herring, catch them by the score. Sunrise on a November morning is a rare time for these winter whiting. A November sunrise is not badly spent with your head on your pillow, but anyone who will forego three or four hours of sleep may make the catch of the season. There are other winter whiting-grounds in more open water, where fish of larger size and more vigorous defence may be had without the need of such early rising. Anywhere in the roads off Deal or Folkestone, using the "chopstick" tackle familiar on the South-East Coast, you may catch them at the slack water; and if it is fish you are after, use the handline in preference to the rod, for the saving of time is enormous. As, moreover, such small fish

cannot be said to give very thrilling sport, even on a light rod, which will be ruined for good and all by such rough work, the line is in every way preferable. The self-denial of fishing at dawn comes easier in the summer holidays, and I well remember seeing the sun come out of bed behind the Eddystone Lighthouse one August morning while we were hauling in whiting at a prodigious rate. In order to be on the grounds at the witching hour of sunrise, when whiting seem to lose their heads and to bite with a fury unequalled at any other period of the twenty-four hours, we had gone aboard a friend's yacht at



A LEAD VASE AND THE SITE OF THE OLD FORMAL GARDENS.

Plymouth Hoe just before midnight. It was all but a dead calm, as dark as an August night at sea ever is, and it took us over two hours to creep out to the spot where a local fisherman, whom we had brought as guide and gillie, said that the sails and anchor could go down. As there is nothing wildly exciting in sailing at a snail's pace in the gloom of a moonless night we had turned in for a snooze, and the fisherman, a brawny fellow with luxuriant whiskers, set about cutting up a score of mackerel, pilchard and squid into small baits. A little before four, as the first faint streaks of dawn pierced the sky to the eastward, we tumbled on deck, and as our eyes grew accustomed to the mystic light we could dimly make out at no great distance a dapper steam-yacht that had lately overhauled us and dropped anchor a

berth away, as they say in those parts, and also the great forms of three big Plymouth smacks that were vainly trying to reach the whiting-grounds by daylight. There was by now not breeze enough to fill their sails, for the wind has a trick of dying away these August mornings, and we could hear the groaning of the sweeping oars as the men bent to them with a will. Our local expert assured us that the tide would run too hard yet for half-an-hour; but we could not take his word for it, and endeavoured, with leads weighing 3lb. or 4lb., to get the baits down to the fish. We might as well have used corks, for the lines canted away to the surface as if we were anchored in a mill-stream. After this chastening lesson we desisted with exemplary patience for quite 5 min. and then tried again, with much the same result. At length the tide weakened, and the first line to run down straight at once got the familiar knock! knock! of whiting at breakfast and a couple of good fish came over the side. In a few moments, so accurately had the gentleman from the Barbican placed the yacht, all hands were busy hauling the greedy fish, some of them 2lb. in weight, and dropping them on the deck. Six lines, hard at it for an hour, soon made a respectable heap of fish, and then, when the tide dropped altogether, I forsook mine for an old trout-rod, which I always keep handy for slack water, and had a glorious half-hour, the whiting, sometimes three at a time, making it bend like a reed. Then the tide turned again, at once making up its mind where it wanted to get, and I had to resume the line. But the whiting were not biting as briskly as before, if indeed there were many left to bite. Also, we had had enough of the fun and, since such example is infectious, thought tenderly of the hot breakfast awaiting us even then at the hotel "with the finest view in Europe." To our guide, by way of supplementing the very modest fee for which he had stipulated, we handed over the whole of our catch, save a score of the finest. Then the owner of the steam yacht, who also had had his fill, presented the bulk of his catch to the master of the nearest smack and gave us a friendly tow back; but for which, having little in the way of provisions on board, we should have breakfasted at tea-time. Not always, even in August, need you be up and doing at such an hour. I recall another busy time with whiting in a blazing noonday sun forty or fifty miles west of Eddystone. We are anchored this time in a little lugger, round which on the oily summer sea sit several herring-gulls, a pair of kittiwakes, a grim old saddleback and half-a-dozen guillemots. Between us and the hazy cliffs an Indian file of porpoises is tumbling lazily across the bay.

The whiting are in great form, and we have been getting them, two at a time as often as one, for the last half-hour. They run smaller on this ground than at another pitch three miles further out, but the wind is so light that we should not have reached that El Dorado until the tide ran too hard for fishing in comfort, so it would have been a fool's errand. Therefore we content ourselves with the smaller class of whiting, none over 1½ lb. and most of 1 lb. or a little less, and we might have gone on merrily enough but that there comes a sudden pause in the fun. Several minutes pass; no one feels a fish. Surely we have not caught them all. The boat has not shifted a yard; the tide is still perfection. Suddenly an exclamation from the skipper draws our attention to an ugly black fin cruising round the boat, and we know that a blue shark is circling around like a vulture round a carcase. Next minute the fin disappears, and one of the rods, which has been resting against the gunwale, all but goes over the side, the reel gives a short sharp scream, and the owner reels in, only to find one of the hooks gone. It is rather unusual to be attacked by a blue shark in this way when fishing for whiting, for this particular kind of vermin generally fancies the big pollack baits, and the robber of whiting hooks is usually a spurdog. Still, here we have a blue shark beyond doubt, and until we can induce it to keep us company a little closer than at present, there will be no more fishing. First we take in all lines. Next we throw some fish over the side to keep our visitor in good humour. There he is again, tame as a hand-fed carp in a pond. The skipper soon has a stout conger line ready, with no lead, and a single large hook, which he buries in a pilchard. Two pilchards now alight close to the shark. He gulps them down one after the other, and next moment the line is flying out as if it were fast to a rocket. So, my lad, gently! We are soon able to get hold of the line and even to bring our wayward friend to a standstill; though not for long, for he is off again, dashing away on top of the water, neither sulking like a bass nor boring like a pollack, but careering around like an overgrown mackerel, trying in vain to dislodge the hook from his gristly frame, in which it is fast up to the bend. With interludes of protest, the blue pirate comes reluctantly nearer. His tactics are a little puzzling and need a cool head and a firm hand, for now he comes tamely in for 10 yds. or 15 yds., then he actually swims straight towards us; finally once again gets his shoulder to the line and goes off at such a pace as almost to cut our fingers to the bone. He is tiring, though. The brain of a shark is more highly developed than that of most fishes, and there is yet a spark of cunning left; but his strength is failing and the end is not far off. At last we

have the ugly shovel snout out of the water and the gleaming white throat within reach of the skipper's gaff. A lunge, and the writhing form is alongside the gunwale and we seize a tiller handle and give him two or three healthy taps on the snout, which for the time being stun him. A casual visitor, out with us for the day, pleads to have the shark in the boat for instant autopsy. Apparently he expects to find a man's foot, or some other nasty relic commonly associated with these scavengers of the ocean. *Dis aliter visum.* The skipper knows the smell of shark's blood. So, for the matter of that, do we. It is not myrrh. Like the scent of roses round the vase, it will hang for days. But it is also not the scent of roses. This shark is the skunk of the sea, and once you get its blood on your clothing it will stay there for weeks. For the present, therefore, we prefer its room to its company, and the body is slung in a double loop over the bow, to be at our friend's disposal as soon as we are back in port.

So much time has gone in killing the spoil-sport that when once again we put out the whiting lines the tide is running too hard, so we get up the anchor and sail in under the cliffs with about six score of whiting and our common enemy at half-mast.

F. G. AFLALO.

## THE CHARM OF THE HEDGE-SPARROW.

**A**MONG the common and familiar birds of our English gardens, roadsides and hedgerows there is none that, to a certain type of temperament, makes a more pleasing or a more ingratiating appeal than does the common hedge-accentor, or as he is more generally called, the hedge-sparrow. And his appeal is all the more winning because it is so quiet, so gentle, so casual, so artless; because it comes to us unsupported, and remains with us unsustained by any compelling advantages of gay or brilliant plumage, captivating manners or make-up, masterly powers of flight, or notable powers of song. For the lack of which, it is more than probable the little hedge-accentor has failed to incite to a more frequent degree that "fine frenzy" of the poetic eye which has dowered his more fortunate compeers—the robin, the thrush, the skylark and the nightingale—with the poetic fame of the ages. And the reason for this is not hard to find, for the little bird has no one of the points or parts which usually secure such distinction: he is essentially one of the commonalty in the kingdom to which he belongs. Yet with those whose knowledge comes from watching, and especially with those who are able to appreciate a fine combination of modest bird qualities and plain, homely bird virtues, he is, as we have hinted, a great favourite. And this, mainly by reason of his own intrinsic merits, but partly also, perhaps, by the points he gains from contrast with that rough-and-tumble type of bird vulgarity whose *nomen*, in a sorry hour for himself, he was undeservedly compelled to share, viz., the house-sparrow. Like the poor he is always with us, and mostly like them he is not difficult to find. Yet, as a point of difference in his favour, he has none of the associations of poverty about him, for even in the hardest and most unyielding weather he appears able to pick up a comfortable living from even the most modest or the most barren surroundings. Stroll round the cottager's garden, or through the gardens or shrubbery at "the Hall"; take a turn up or down the drive, along the village road or the shady lane; try the footpath that skirts the coppice or the wood, or that other one that follows the windings of the bush-fringed stream; and summer or winter, spring or fall, he will invariably form part of that "harvest" which the quiet, watchful eye and alert, responsive ear of the bird-lover never fail to gather and to enjoy. Now to admire the little hedge-accentor, you must be in tune with those who can see, or hear, and appreciate the beauty of common things in a setting of homely surroundings, the charm of unassuming manners and of a quiet and retiring disposition; the delicate delights of a little wild burst of song that, though now joyous and now plaintive, is always full of a certain quality of nervous sweetness of its own, and is reeled off fitfully by a restless little singer from his retreat in the depths of bush or hedgerow, garden shrub, bramble brake, or faggot stack. Take him first as to his colours. These, as the most casual observer cannot fail to note, are of the plainest. The quietest, the most subdued of shades of brown and buff and dusky grey, with just a suggestion of deep greyish blue (hedge-sparrows are called "blue jannets" in Scotland) upon the head and neck are all he has to offer for the gratification of your colour sense. And these, so essentially quiet in themselves, are also quietly composed. They offer no sharp contrasts and they show no "high lights," but are all blended and suffused into a "common harmony"—a garb of plain rustic homespun that is admirably in keeping with the quiet, everyday surroundings and the sober, modest demeanour of the bird. How admirably, too, the colours tone with the grey, misty, sombre days of our late English

autumn and winter, and with the dull-coloured, leafless twigs and boughs against which they are set in spring. Notice next the quiet, unobtrusive style in which the hedge-accentor goes about the quiet ways of his little commonplace world, acting as though he recognised the becoming spirit of conduct for one so little favoured in the matter of outward finery or show. The haunts he most delights in are the low-springing, central boughs and twigs of a readily accessible bush or evergreen, either in garden, shrubbery or hedgerow, or among the gorse on the common. And if such spot be fortified with an inner growth of concealing tangle, he is all the better suited and protected. From some such acceptable cover he never wanders far, and on all occasions of disturbance he will seek its welcome seclusion. Doubtfully he will hop out therefrom to forage on the ground or the garden path, on the drive, the roadside footpath or cart track across the common; in the hungry days of winter he will modestly venture to pick up the fragments remaining from bold robin's breakfast; while on occasion he will alight with some show of boldness on the garden palings or wall, or on the lower branches of garden tree or hedgerow sapling. On approach, he immediately makes for his more lowly cover; hops nervously along from twig to twig, half concealed, yet half revealed, by the motion of the leaves or twigs. If you press him close he takes a short flight across the road or along the hedgerow, and again conceals himself, though constantly in motion; if your attentions are continued he will, at intervals, pipe out his half-plaintive, half-resentful, sharp little "peep-eep," "peep-eep-eep," as though to chide you for trying to hustle a quiet, plain, self-contained little fellow who never did or meant harm to anyone.

Another of the engaging qualities possessed by the little accentor is that admirable one of constancy—a virtue which he

overlooked and unidentified, even by residents in the country. Quiet in colour and habit, retiring and peaceable in disposition, never given to noise or numbers, not much of a songster, undestructive both of garden and field crops, he is passed by altogether or as "only a sparrow."

Many a sweeter voice than mine  
Sounds in the summer bower;  
And birds in gayer plumage shine  
Or sing with deeper power;  
But do not turn your eye away  
Because I'm brown and plain;  
Nor scorn the simple songster's lay  
Though sung in lowly strain.

No lover of the hedge-accentor, and, may we add, no exuberant birds'-nesting boy, fails to keep an open and an early eye for the nest and eggs of his favourite in the spring; for these, in marked contrast to the birds themselves, are uncommonly beautiful. The shapely nest, so neat and trim, its moss so green, its cup so finely rounded and so cosily lined, its four or five eggs of indescribably beautiful and unspotted blue, the usually simple surroundings of the little home, the visible assurance it gives that spring has really come—these make up an appeal the freshness, the simple natural charm and the beauty of which can never be without effect. They were felt and appreciated by Wordsworth, for when he was ransacking the treasure-house of his early memories he "found gold" in the thought of a sparrow's nest in the hedge of his father's garden:

Behold, within the leafy shade  
Those bright blue eggs together laid!  
On me the chance discovered sight  
Gleaned like a vision of delight.

And the incident was still further consecrated by the fact that that nest

In wet or dry  
My sister Emmeline and I  
Together visited.

This, again, served to remind him not only of the constant companionship of his finely-gifted sister, but also of the intellectual and spiritual sympathy they shared together and of the intellectual and spiritual stimulus with which that sympathy supplied him:

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;  
And humble cares, and delicate fears;  
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;  
And love, and thought, and joy.

Surely one cannot but feel grateful to the little hedge-accentor for having inspired a train of "poetic reverie" which gave to literature so fine a piece of poetry, and to humanity so noble a tribute of brotherly affection and regard. W. BICKERTON.

## A COLOUR PROBLEM IN MOTHS.

THERE is no subject which is just now interesting entomologists more than that of melanism—that is to say, the tendency in a certain number of butterflies and moths (especially the latter) to produce specimens which are either entirely black, or in which the usual colours and markings are more or less replaced by black or dark areas. And the first thing to be noticed is that, so far as Europe is concerned, the phenomenon is almost entirely British. On the Continent it is said to be unknown except, curiously enough, in some Alpine regions and to a less degree in Scandinavia; so one is naturally tempted to enquire what the natural conditions are which are common to these regions and to great Britain. In the British Isles the tendency to melanism is much more marked in some localities than in others, and there is no district where dark varieties of various moths are more abundant than in parts of what we know as "the Black Country" and the manufacturing districts of the North. Not only this, but the evidence tends strongly to show that in Lancashire, in parts of Staffordshire and Cheshire and in the West Riding of Yorkshire the tendency is increasing, and black or dark forms are more plentiful now than they were some years ago. There is a beautiful and fairly common moth called the Peppered Moth (*A. Betularia*), of which the normal type, as we understand it, is white, thickly sprinkled with minute black speckles. There is, however, a not uncommon form in which the white entirely disappears from the surface of the wings, leaving them a complete uniform black. Collectors at points in the region mentioned are confident that, whereas some twenty or thirty years ago the normal type was the common one thereabouts, of late years it has almost given place to the black form. Evidence of this kind is not entirely to be trusted in the absence of comprehensive statistics, and comprehensive statistics on such a subject are practically unobtainable; for it is not possible to



J. Atkinson.

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"THE SHAPELY NEST SO NEAT AND TRIM"

embody and lives up to a degree far from common in the feathered world. He is constant, not only to his old haunts and associations, but also to himself and to his partner. To man he is no fair-weather friend alone, but bravely shares with him the rigours and the hazards of even the most unsparing winter. To his mate he is constant both in loyalty and affection, and with her, and with her alone, he is content to share the round of the varying year and what it brings. In a word, he pairs for life; and having done so, he rarely associates with others, even of his own kind, and never with birds of other species. Each pair of hedge-accentors "keep themselves to themselves." The "clanging rookery" has no charms, either in respect of noise or numbers, for them, and knows no place in their simplified social economy. And so it comes about that the qualities and the habits of the bird as we have tried to indicate them lead to the fact that he is often unknown or obscurely known, frequently



H. Main. PEPPERED MOTH. Copyright.  
Normal and melanic forms.

any colour was then a comparatively rare dog, while now it is one of the most fashionable. But some four or five white Pomeranians among our immediate neighbours of that day are the only dogs of my boyhood which I remember with any distinctness. England was, as I remember it, all white Poms then, whereas now they are rare. There may be something akin to this in the impressions of Yorkshire collectors on the subject of white Peppered Moths. None the less, the evidence is strong, and it is only scientific caution which suggests this misgiving, and if the testimony is to be accepted as final we are presented with the curious fact that certain moths (the evidence is not confined to *A. Betularia* alone) have been growing blacker in a neighbourhood where the country has been growing blacker; that is to say, that the insects have been adapting themselves to their environment, and we have the evolution of a species to a new type, more effectively coloured for protective purposes, going on before our eyes and with a rapidity measurable in a single human generation. Another example of the phenomenon from this region is given in the photograph of the Scalloped Hazel Moth, of which the black specimen comes from the West Riding. There are some entomologists who, accepting the general fact, believe that the change in the insects is the result of the herbage, on which the caterpillars feed, being blackened by smoke, the fumes "acting chemically on the food and physiologically on the larva." Others, also accepting the general fact, consider this impossible, and hold that it is, as already suggested, only the manifestation of the acknowledged tendency of animals to conform in coloration to their natural surroundings. The view, however, which, if not the most generally accepted, has been most earnestly argued, is that the inclination to melanism is at most only locally and accidentally due to smoke, the general cause being excessive humidity of the atmosphere, assisted or modified by life in a wooded habitat. This, stated crudely, is the doctrine of Mr. J. W. Tutt, the well-known entomologist, who has put it forth at length in what is the best-known volume or treatise on the subject. An interesting and ingenious corollary to his doctrine is that, if it is true, then we are presumably wrong in speaking of the light form as the "normal" one. In past times Britain was undoubtedly more wooded, and its climate was more humid than it is to-day; and insects must be supposed to have then been darker than they are now. When the Peppered Moth, then, or any other becomes dark, it is not evolving in a new direction, but only reverting to an earlier type. But, as has already been hinted, however earnestly and ingeniously the moisture-cum-wood theory has been maintained, it is not very generally accepted by entomologists. The theory has on its side the broad fact

take a census of all the wild moths of any region, and the experience of individual collectors may be governed largely by accident. Impression and recollection are unsafe guides in matters of science. Individual white strains of any insect may have become accidentally exterminated in particular localities by causes which have nothing to do with any general tendency. How faulty an individual impression may be is shown by the fact that if I personally was asked what was the commonest kind of dog in England in the days of my youth, I should say, unhesitatingly, "White Pomeranians," which would be absurd, because the Pom of



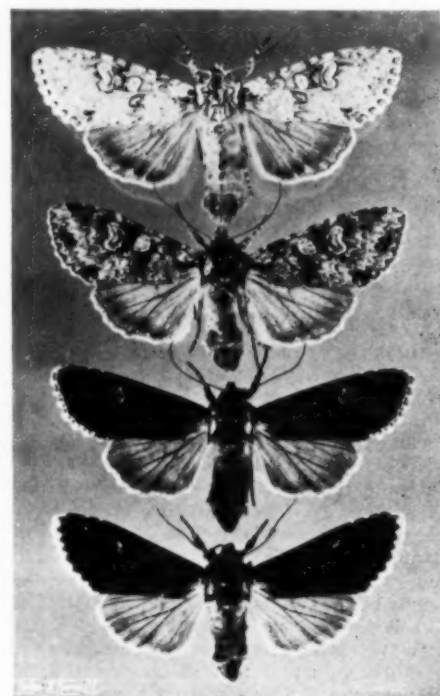
H. Main. NORMAL AND MELANIC FORMS OF WAVED UMBER AND SCALLOPED HAZEL MOTHS. Copyright.



forms of moths as any other part of the country; and it is from the metropolitan area of Kent that the black specimens come which are given in the photographs of the Engrailed Moth (*T. Biundularia*) and the Square Spot (*T. Consonaria*). Both of these moths, as also does the Waved Umber, habitually rest in the daytime with their wings spread out flat upon tree trunks, and in their case the darkness is an undoubted advantage as an aid to concealment in many of their favourite haunts. Yet it is difficult to assume that the occurrence of the dark specimens is, to any considerable extent, due to this advantage in inconspicuousness; for then one is confounded to

that melanism is most frequent in Scotland, and especially in the North-West and in the islands off the coast, on the West Coast of Ireland and in the Northern and North-Western Counties of England, and least frequent in the Eastern and South-Eastern Counties; a gradation which does roughly coincide with the variation in the degree of moisture in the atmosphere. It is not possible here to follow the subject into its multitudinous details and ramifications, but it should be noted that, if humidity be the cause, there is still the doubt whether it is the moisture itself which has a physiological effect on the insect or whether it is that under the influence of moisture the natural surroundings, as tree trunks, rocks and exposed ground, are all made darker and the creatures are again only being adapted to that darker environment. From whatever angle we attack the subject, however, we run against facts which are conflicting and baffling. One of the moths which is known to entomologists as among the most variable of species is called the Grey Arches (*A. Nebulosa*), specimens of which are found ranging all the way from a pale silvery grey to an almost pure black, the black form being most notoriously associated with Delamere Forest. In one of the illustrations four specimens of this moth are shown which exhibit very well the range of coloration. The palest of the four is from Argyllshire and the other three from Delamere. The latter locality also produces dark types of other moths. It is indeed, among collectors, notorious for this peculiarity; but Delamere is neither smoke affected nor especially moist. It is less smoky than Epping Forest, where the Grey Arches Moth is usually light; less humid than Cornwall, where again the dark form seldom, if ever, occurs. More perplexing, even annoying in its relation to the doctrine of protective coloration in general, is the fact that the testimony of collectors tends to prove that in Delamere Forest itself the dark form of the moth, which abounds there, is, when at rest on a tree trunk, more easily notice-

able, at least to human eyes, than the lighter varieties. Though, as has been said, Epping Forest produces only the paler forms of this particular species, yet there are many other moths of which black or very dark forms are found there. Thus in the illustration of the Waved Umber Moth (*H. Abruptaria*) the black specimen is from Epping; and from Essex also comes the strangely handsome dark specimen of the Miller (*A. Leporina*) which occupies the middle position of the three shown in the photograph. Though not to be compared with the North-West of Scotland or the neighbourhood of Leeds and Huddersfield, the London district produces, perhaps, as many dark



H. Main. VARIATION FROM NORMAL OF BLACK AND GREY ARCHES MOTH. Copyright.

conjecture why the species, if they can adapt themselves so readily to the increasing darkness of some localities, have not long ago become uniformly dark in all places where it would have been to their advantage, or how the lighter form ever came to be dominant. That creatures which inhabit woods and shady places should, as a rule, be devoid of bright colours, is to be expected, and we see the fact exemplified among the mammals and in other orders of animals besides insects. The brilliantly-coloured butterflies and moths are generally creatures of the sunshine and of open spaces; and a similar broad assimilation of large classes of things to their surroundings is shown in other ways, as in the common approximation of the insects of the fens and marshes to a uniform pale yellowish type of coloration which harmonises closely with the tones of the reeds and sedges—a phenomenon which is only with difficulty made to square with the theory that humidity produces darkness. The insects of chalk soils, again, when they are creatures of the open, have a tendency to be light or brightly coloured, and there is a well-known case of a moth called the Annulet (*G. Obscurata*), which may be found pale grey on a chalk soil, darker grey



*H. Main.* SQUARE SPOT AND ENGRAILED MOTH. Copyright.  
Normal and melanic specimens.

on impure limestone, nearly black on slate and plainly reddish on sandstone ground. But here, as in all things, generalisation is risky, and several of the whitest of our common moths are inhabitants of the woodland. These, however, I think, without exception, do not usually expose themselves in the daytime, as do most of the other woodland insects, by sitting on the trunks of trees; but their habit is to rest on the under sides of leaves with their wings more or less expanded. In this position they are, of course, concealed from an enemy looking down from above; while one looking up from underneath sees the green leaf against the light background of the sky, when it becomes translucent, and a white moth outspread upon it is transparent and almost invisible. A dark or opaque object in the same place would be extremely conspicuous. Nor are all moths of the open chalk country pale. The blackest moth that we have (so sooty that it is called the Chimney-sweep) abounds on the barest, sunniest chalk slopes of the Cotswolds. None the less, the general rule holds good. White moths are in a different category from those which are brilliantly coloured, and most commonly the insects which frequent dark places are dark, and we may assume that it would not matter whether the darkness was the result of natural causes, as in the depths of woods, or due to an artificial cause like the blackening of earth and air by smoke. But if moths are, indeed, now visibly becoming darker from this latter cause, and that within a very short span of years, we have the interesting phenomenon of a species undergoing an observable process of evolution for our inspection. But why the tendency should be so erratic as it seems to be remains a conundrum.

Advocates of the moisture theory have claimed that even in a single wet season there is a marked increase in melanism in various species, but this is proving rather too much and is probably fanciful. It used to be stated, and is perhaps still believed by many, that one can breed dark specimens of many species by subjecting them throughout the various stages of their lives to a low temperature and feeding the caterpillars on scanty or non-nutritious food, but wider experience fails to confirm this. Extraordinary conditions of temperature and diet not unnaturally have a tendency to produce aberrations from the normal, but these aberrations, however diverse, are probably all in the nature of degeneracy or disease, the subjects often being late in development and small in size, and containing a large percentage of cripples and malformed specimens. Such violent interference with the course of Nature seems to have no relation to the more or less constant phenomenon of melanism. If anything, indeed, the evidence goes to show that melanic individuals are particularly strong and healthy, just as has long

been supposed to be the case (by many others besides Darwin) in other orders of animals. Cold or low temperature alone does not, then, seem to furnish any clue to the phenomenon; none the less, it seems probable that the cause is in some way meteorological, and the majority of entomologists to-day are more inclined to associate it with deprivation of sunlight than with the mere excess of moisture. Lack of sunlight would be an almost invariable accompaniment of excess of moisture. In those regions in the British Isles where the moisture is greatest (and melanism most noticeable) there is also least sunlight; and the

smoke-laden atmosphere of manufacturing districts and great cities (as in the North and about London) would likewise have the effect of reducing the amount or intensity of the sun. Certainly there is a tendency to brilliant coloration, not in insects only, in the fauna of sunny lands; and in Great Britain, as has already been said, there exists among insects an undoubted association between gaiety of hue and love of the sunshine. It must be confessed that experiments in breeding in the dark or in a dim light do not show any marked results to confirm the belief; and there still remains the problem whether, supposing the amount of sunlight to be the paramount consideration, the result is brought about by the feeble direct action of the rays on the surface of the insect (presumably in its larval stage), or, as before, by the protective conformity of the creature to its gloomier surroundings. Yet *Delamere* is not more sunless than many other woods where dark forms are unknown.

H. P. R.



MILLER MOTH  
Normal and melanic forms.

## WIND ON THE SUSSEX DOWNS.

The wind from the North,  
Storming the Downs,  
Howling has passed  
Through sleepy towns—  
He has swept the Weald  
With its lichened farms,  
And scattered the gold-dust  
Off the palms;  
Towards the Downs  
Where he shall be free  
To swoop and recapture  
His love the sea.

The blue cloud shadows,  
Across the plain,  
Follow him  
With might and main;  
The white clouds sailing  
In the blue,  
The straining gorse  
As he hisses through,  
All are astir  
And agog to be  
Following him  
To the shining sea.

He curls up the Downs  
With angry blast,  
The grass bents flatten  
As he goes past.  
Like a towering wave  
With whitening crest  
He pauses, then shoots  
Like a thing possessed,  
Down and on,  
Relentless and free  
To swoop and recapture  
His love the sea.

RUTH DARWIN.

## LITERATURE.

## A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THERE are a few men in the history of English literature whose lives will always carry with them the attraction that we associate with green and cool and pleasant places. They are not necessarily the greatest in our annals; indeed, we visit them in their seclusion not chiefly because of what they have done, but because of an individual attractiveness that would almost have been the same if they had not been public characters. George Herbert, saying his morning and evening prayers in the little church at Bemerton, or watching the Nadder flow past that cloistered garden where his medlar still grows, would have caught the eye even if he had not written "The Temple." There is a fine and noble simplicity in the life of his contemporary, Izaak Walton, which would have attracted us had there been no "Compleat Angler," and it would be easy to mention writers almost of our own day, such, for instance, as the author of "John Inglesant," who also wielded this charm. To a list that might be indefinitely prolonged, the name of Richard Jefferies should certainly be added. We are brought to consider it once again, because Mr. Edward Thomas has just brought out his book, *Richard Jefferies, His Life and Work* (Hutchinson). Mr. Thomas has evidently been fired with the very worthy ambition of writing a complete and final biography. He follows in the footsteps of Sir Walter Besant, who had to fight against two disadvantages: he took up the work immediately after the death of Jefferies, and without having sufficient time to collect and digest his material, and he was one of those who—to use his own expression—preferred their geraniums in a conservatory. His imagination, sympathy and literary skill enabled him, in spite of these disadvantages, to produce a book that was not unworthy either of the subject or the author, but it was not complete. Since then many essays and criticisms of a shorter character have appeared; but illuminating as some of them were, they left plenty of room for that full history and wide view that Mr. Thomas has endeavoured to give. The book itself is the best evidence that he has given time to a consideration of the best means of effecting his purpose. He might have taken as his motto the lines of Wordsworth: "Not too bright and good For human nature's daily food." His first chapter, on "The Country of Richard Jefferies," brings us into the homely atmosphere that surrounded that interpreter of Nature. It is not a case in which any very heroic note could be struck. The forbears of Richard Jefferies, as would be well understood by the authoritative account of them which appeared in our own columns and has been accepted by Mr. Thomas as his leading authority, were not greatly distinguished in any way. They produced no self-made man such as would have delighted the heart of the late Sir Samuel Smiles, and among them was no one who attained either to great wealth or high honour in any walk of life. Some did better and some worse than others; but of the best it may be said that they ploughed the garth and mended the fences and cleaned the drains a little more carefully than the rest. It is true that offshoots of the family took occasionally to reading or commerce, but that is equally true of other families. In the churchyard at Chisledon, the burying-place of the family, one sees what Mr. Thomas calls "heavy and important tombstones," but also the mouldering unheaddressed graves of the very poor. But some of the stones bear epitaphs that have done duty in every part of rural England for the last two or three hundred years, and in the little wayside public-houses there are to be found the verses mostly referring to the death of a "Mister Trust," and the installation of "Ready Cash" instead, which also are part not only of Wiltshire, but of all the English agricultural shires. Into this environment Richard Jefferies was born, the one original and poetic individual in a surrounding of commonplace and mediocrity. More difficult with him than with many another was the task of developing that divine fire which distinguished him from his rustic contemporaries. His head might be soaring into the blue skies; but it was necessary that his feet should always be on earth, for "Farmer Iden" had fallen on evil times before the appearance of his son. Richard, tall and gaunt, with a scholar's stoop that spoke of a self-centred and meditative life, was totally unfitted to earn his livelihood according to the methods of his forefathers, and the resources of the family were not sufficient to afford him such an education as would have enabled him to give his intellect its best chance. His mental constitution, too, lacked the tough fibre that business and advancement generally demand. Many a youth of far inferior intellect has worked his way to the front by being able to grasp the practical facts and the possibilities of a situation. Jefferies took to reporting and corresponding for the local newspaper, an occupation that a more practical man would have discerned at once to be futile as far as ambition was concerned. It was borne

in on him by reading that the way to wealth lay through fiction; and accordingly, without those gifts that make the born story-teller, he manufactured tales that brought him in nothing. It seems half by accident that he discovered where his real capital lay. His moments of leisure had been filled in partly with strolling on the Downs, partly with following the gamekeeper—who is generally the first hero of a healthy country boy—and partly with the pursuit of those practices which gave him material for writing "The Amateur Poacher." He was not aware till he came to read about them that in this process he had imbibed the English sun and the English wind, the English landscape and the English flowers, the ways of beasts and birds and insects, as scarcely any other had done before him. It is curious, by the by, that Mr. Thomas has missed out of his book the very name of the man who taught him how to shape his knowledge and make it available. This was Frederick Greenwood, who, at the time when Jefferies began his career, was editing the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and who had, joined to an inborn love of the open air, a frank readiness of appreciation for promise in any young writer. He it was who took Richard Jefferies by the hand and led him forth from his obscurity into the light of day. The omission may possibly be deliberate, because it is easy to see that what Mr. Greenwood appreciated most in Jefferies is not that which Mr. Thomas values most highly. In the early books, "The Gamekeeper at Home," "Wild Life in a Southern County" and "The Amateur Poacher," we have the writer who paints what he sees and tells what he knows, content to produce and leave a vivid impression of green hedgerows and flowery meadows and great oak trees and the beasts and birds that run or fly about them. Later, this frank and happy intercourse with Nature "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," and the once simple and natural Jefferies became metaphysical and introspective. Out of that mood came "The Story of My Heart," which Mr. Thomas seems to regard as the culmination of the genius of Richard Jefferies. It is enough at present to state the two phases. We are glad to think that there is no need of discussing their relative value; but it may be said briefly that "The Story of My Heart," as a study of the relations of the individual to the Universe, is weakened by the author's want of knowledge. Feeling he had in abundance, of the most intense and burning description; and probably it would have been sobered and rendered less striking by a mastery of the results achieved by the scientific students of the Victorian era. It is not, perhaps, an unforgivable indiscretion to say that "The Story of My Heart" was once given to Maurice Maeterlinck after he had expressed a wish to make an acquaintance with the work of this famous English writer on the open air. It was thought that the character of the Belgian poet's reflections were so closely in accord with the line of thought and revelation pursued in "The Story of My Heart" that he could not fail to sympathise with and appreciate it; but the book made no appeal to him, and the reason is obvious. The mysticism of Maurice Maeterlinck has been formed with a more than usually abundant knowledge of the progress in material thought during the past hundred years, and indeed from ancient times, while that of Jefferies might have been the revelation of a more than usually gifted and poetic savage; that is to say, if you were to place a poet on the Liddington Downs and let him brood over the "man in the tumulus," and hear the song of the brook, and feel the wind that had blown over those same hills when the red-haired warrior was wielding his sword and spear, and give him no knowledge or understanding of the slow and logical steps with which evolution has advanced, "The Story of My Heart" becomes intelligible. It can scarcely be so to those who are in the forefront of the fight of their time. To turn from this side of the subject, however, Mr. Edward Thomas may be unreservedly congratulated on the assiduous ingenuity with which he has pieced together an intelligible and authentic history of the inner life and experience of Richard Jefferies from the legends preserved by the family, the facts collected by himself and others, and the revelations which Jefferies made in those novels which nobody now reads. In many cases it would be risky to take the imaginary characters of an author and make them speak as to his experience and personality; but Jefferies had not the transforming genius of a George Eliot or a Sir Walter, and, in fact, prided himself on making what he called true stories of the Wiltshire labourer, so that in his novels he gave more history than is customary with the ordinary novelist. His own life history was sad and melancholy, take it as one will. It began with penury and struggle, and ended with penury and agony. The story of his last years is as painful as anything in English literature. It was that of the valiant man struggling against adversity. He had not only to fight with poverty and disease, but the stock of ideas which had furnished material for his early writing was becoming exhausted, and it is no wonder that he lacked the energy to work a new vein. There

is evidence enough in "My Own Village" that great and promising new lines were open to him, if only health and physical vigour had been spared him to pursue them; but it had been otherwise decreed, and a life that had been full of combat and discouragement went out at last in pain and sadness.

#### THE ART OF HUNTING.

*The Art of Hunting, or Three Hunting MSS.* A revised edition of "The Art of Hunting," by William Twici, Huntsman to King Edward the Second, by H. Dryden, 1844. Edited by Alice Dryden. (Northampton.)

*Turberville's Book of Hunting, 1576.* (Clarendon Press.)

THERE is no kind of literature that has undergone so liberal a change as the literature of sport. Nowadays, if the chase finds its way into a book it is generally by way of anecdote or humour. We are told strange stories of past triumphs and of miraculous escapes. The modern sportsman does not always remember the wise admonition of the Elizabethan, who thought it "convenient that an huntsman be wel stayed and temperate in speech: for all hunters, whiche have regarde to the pleasure of their Venerie, ought to be sober and modest in talke." This is a counsel of perfection not always followed. Sport, like other pursuits, becomes too often an occasion of boasting and advertisement. Its object is forgotten in the vain cutting of a record or in some successful eccentricity. We read the life of Jack Mytton, and believe that we may find in his career a noble ideal of sportsmanship, or we mistake the humours of the chase for its essence. There is no better chance for discomfiture, no better test of real skill, than the hunting-field, and, as there is no man that does not take a delight in its misfortunes, we have laughed at sport with the excellent aid of Surtees and John Leech until it appears in the light of a huge jest. Very different was the outlook of our forefathers. They regarded hunting no less as a ceremony than as an amusement. They went after their prey, as it were, in solemn procession. They respected the terms of their sport with a kind of pedantry. They would rather have missed their quarry than broken the rules of game or speech, and they pursued it to the death with a pomp and circumstance which of themselves would have been enough, had not the spirit of the times also intervened to make hunting an exclusive and aristocratic sport. In other words, there was a science as well as an art of venery, which only the zealous student might understand. The work composed by William Twici, for instance, has the grave severity of a philological treatise. Scrupulous in definition, accurate in terminology, it suggests in every one of its few pages that the huntsman may trifle neither with rules nor words. "When the Boar is taken," thus he writes, "he shall be undone with the hide on; and the bowels broiled and given to the dogs, and tread with it, and this is called the reward. And why is it not called quarry as of the Hart? I will tell you; because it is not eaten in the hide, as that of the Hart." This passage, as well as another, will prove the high seriousness of Twici, a seriousness which seems out of place in our bustling age, and the decay of which every ingenious sportsman will deplore. And yet we confess that Turberville's less austere treatise pleases us best. It covers an ampler field than Twici's; it is of an excellent humour; and above all it is written in the noble, coloured prose, of which every Elizabethan had the secret. It makes no pretence at originality. If we are now the foremost sportsmen in the world, we were not in the sixteenth century, and Turberville "spared neither English, French, Latin, Italian nor Dutch author to search (as it were in the bowels of the same) an exquisite tradition and method of these arts." Though he, too, is curious in terminology, and borrows what he may from Twici, he is interested also in the breeding of hounds, in the conduct of the kennel, in the seeking and finding of the hart. He recognises that hunting is "a sport for noble peers, a sport for gentle bloods," and he insists, therefore, that it should be conducted with due solemnity. He sketches the character of a huntsman with the simple gravity which befits his purpose. "A good keeper of hounds," he says, "should be gracious, courteous, and gentle, loving his dogs of a naturall disposition, and he ought to be both well footed and well winded, as well to fill his horn as his bottell: the firste thing which he ought to do when he riseth is to go see his Hounds, to make their lodging cleane, and to dresse them as the case shall require: after he hath so clenched them, he ought to take his borne and sounde three or foure tymes the call, to the ende he may comforte them and call them to him." Thus he begins the day, and with the same zeal he closes it. "Immediately after supper," says Turberville, "the Huntsman should go to his masters chamber, and if he serve a king, then let him go to the maister of the games chamber, to knowe his pleasure in what quarter he determineth to hunt the day following, that he may knowe his owne quarter: that done he may go to bedde, to the ende he may rise the earlier in the morning, according to the tyme and season, and according to the place where he must hunt." Being somewhat discursive by temperament, Turberville casts wide the net of his research. He gathers from his authors, native and foreign, many curious facts, which touch the craft of hunting but lightly. So credulous is he that he will believe the fables of the chroniclers or treat with reverence the popular errors of the Middle Ages. The story of the stag that was roused "in a forest of the country of Poinctieur," and was hunted for the space of four days, until at last he took the hounds near to the city of Paris, presents no difficulties to his mind. He is sure that a bitch had been lined under the signs of Gemini and Aquarius, and that a dog whelped under Arcturus will go mad. Again, he is an expert in popular medicine, and he might have made many a suggestion to Sir Thomas Browne. He tells us, for instance, that there is a bone found in the heart of the hart, "the which is very medicinable against the trembling of the heart." Nor is this all. He recommends that gobbets of the hart's head should be distilled with a herb called "tutsome" and Spanish pepper, to make a sovereign remedy against all venoms and poisons. Indeed the hart, if we may believe Turberville, has a natural enmity against serpents. When he is old, decrepit and sick, he goes to the dens and caves of serpents, and "with his nostrils puffeth and forceth his breath into their holes, in such sort, that by virtue and

force thereof he constraineth the serpents to come forth, and being come forth, he killeth them with his foot, and afterwards eateth and devourerth them." The nature and subtleties of the hare are no less wonderful than the nature and subtleties of the hart, and Turberville puts a childlike faith in them all. But there are certain fables which he refuses to believe, holding that his observation is a better guide than report. He will not follow Twici in the superstition that the hare is male at one time and female at another. This eccentricity of the hare is an insoluble puzzle to the punctilious Twici. "On that account," he says, "a man cannot blow a mence on the horn for it as one does for other beasts, as for the Hart, and for the Boar, and for the Wolf." Turberville found no difficulty in distinguishing male from female, and could blow a mence to his heart's content. And though he gladly accepts the most fantastic remedies, he will have nothing to do with charms and such devices. A gentleman of Brittany, he tells us, was wont to make two little rolls, on which were written these mystic words: "Y ran qui ran cafram cafratrem cafratosque." He would then put them in an egg-shell and push them down the throat of a dog infected by madness. The effect, he declared, was magical. Turberville preserved a proper scepticism. "Believe it he that list, for I do not." His favourite is the hart, to the hunting of which he devotes the greater part of his book. But he disdains neither the boar nor the hare, neither the badger nor the otter, and though he does not give to the fox the space which he claims to-day, he writes of him with an intelligent appreciation. "The hunting of the fox is pleasant," he says, "for he maketh an excellent cry, because his scent is very hot, and he never fleeth far before the hounds, but holdeth the strongest coverts, and fleeth from the field, as a beast which trusteth not in his legs, nor yet in his strength. And if the fox stand in his defence, it is by force, and yet always he will as near as he can keep the covert: yea though he find none other covert but a bush, yet he will flee to it. And when he perceiveth that he may no longer endure nor stand up before the hounds, then will he take the earth, and will trust to his castles there." So much for the fox, a crafty child, whose wit and policy have purchased him great fame. But for all his love of sport, for all his intelligent interpretation of Phœbus, and the others whom he translated, Turberville's interest in the chase was largely literary. He delighted in the words which his subject permitted him to use. Though he handled the technicalities of hunting with a sense of the picturesque, which Twici knew not, it pleased him to handle them. "A Hart belloweth," he writes, "a Bucke groweth, a Robuck belleteth when they go to Rut. . . . An Hart or Bucke is flayed, a Hare stripped, and a Fox or such-like vermyne raysed. . . . An Hare started, and a Fox unkenelled." He was not one to go a-hunting and run the risk of employing a wrong term. And to prove that he was not an instinctive sportsman, who reasoned not of what he did, he let each of the hunted beasts plead their cause against the tyranny of man. He held that there was no sport which was not "profitable and godly," and he preferred hunting to falconry, because it maintains the body in health and is less costly. But being a man of letters and a poet, he looked half-humourously on the other side of the medal. Under his auspices, for instance, the otter defends himself against the charge of theft. He admits that he feeds on fish, and even on lambs. But, he argues, a beast, who had young flesh to banquet on, "were fonde to franche on garbage, graynes or swyll." And is not man "the most bloody beast of all"? "Who sees a beast," he asks by way of peroration:

Who sees a Beast for savrie Sawces long?  
Who sees a Beast on chicke or Capon cramme?  
Who sees a Beast once luld on sleepe with song?  
Who sees a Beast make vensone of a Ramme?  
Who sees a Beast destroy both whelpes and damme?  
Who sees a Beast use beasty Gluttonie?  
Which man doth use, for great Civilitie?

Who indeed? And it is this ingenious argument, oft repeated, which, with a sense of style and constant search for the right word, gives Turberville's *Book of Hunting* a beauty and interest which we shall vainly look for in the practical treatises of modern times.

## FEBRUARY MAGAZINES.

IN the *English Review* the feature this month is "Modern Poetry," a section devoted to the works of the living poets. There are one German and five English contributors. A place of honour is given to Gerhart Hauptmann, whose poem is printed in its original German. Then follow three pieces of Mr. W. B. Yeats, which scarcely do justice to the finest gift of that author. The last one ends thus:

When I was young  
I had not given a penny for a song  
Did not the poet carry him with an air  
As though to say "It is the sword elsewhere,"  
I would be now, could I but have my wish,  
Colder and dumber and deafener than a fish.

Walter de la Mare contributes five poems, which are certainly calculated to widen his reputation. Mr. Marjoram's "Afternoon Tea" is dramatic in the best sense of the word. Mr. John Galsworthy sends five poems, which are full of that writer's well-developed character. Mr. Norman Douglas's article on "The Island of Typhœus" is a piece of very excellent word-painting, applying alike to the animate and the inanimate. Mr. Granville Barker contributes a short story; but a very large portion of this Review is occupied with serial publications, Mr. Conrad's Reminiscences, Vernon Lee's "The Virgin of the Seven Daggers," and a very large instalment of Mr. Wells's novel, "Tono-Bungay." The part devoted to topical matter is mostly given to India, a subject discussed by one who is evidently an English writer, though avowedly by "Syed Sirdar Ali Khan." A greater bulk of good reading is given in this than in any other of the monthly periodicals.

The most important article in the *Fortnightly Review* is that called "Suggestions for a Physical Theory of Evolution," by a writer who conceals his identity under the pseudonym of "Ignotus." We have only one

instalment, but it bears the impression of being part of an important scientific work. Mrs. St. Clair Stobart enlivens her disquisition on "The Healing Power" with the following piece of wit, described as a conversation overheard. It is given to illustrate the physiological ignorance of the ordinary man and woman who have not had the benefit of a medical training:

Husband: No, dear; I simply can't afford it. We've got two motors already, and—

Wife: H'm. I'm afraid your liver must be out of order darling.

Husband (who has heard of the Swedish treatment): Well, if it is, why, for Heaven's sake don't you treat it?

Wife: I'm sure I would—if I only knew where your horrid old liver was!

Other articles worth reading are those on "Americans as Actors," by Mr. Bram Stoker; "The Writings of Mr. W. B. Yeats," by "E. M. D."; "The Beaten Track," by W. Garrott Brown; and "The Fatigue of Anatole France," by Mr. T. M. Kettle, M.P. Mr. Kettle ends with the following forecast: "M. France will not spend his last years, as Taine did, 'reading Marcus Aurelius as a sort of liturgy.' But from the sole point of view of literature, he will do wisely to follow the voice of his native pessimism. Epicure of emotions that he is, he will act on taste and not on any principle. That he will choose his own way is certain; let us hope that this man, whose every page is a European event, will choose the high way."

In the *National Review* the most interesting article is that on "War at the Present Day." It was originally published in the *Deutsche Revue* and caused a great sensation, owing to the Emperor having given it his approval and read it in public. The brilliant writer, in the course of describing what the future battle is likely to be, says: "There will be no Napoleon on the heights, surrounded by a brilliant staff. Even with the most powerful field-glasses there would be little for him to see. His grey horse would be but an easy mark for innumerable batteries. The General Officer Commanding will be found in a house far to the rear, in a spacious room where telephone, telegraph, wireless and signal apparatus will be at hand. Motor-cars and bicycles will be waiting outside ready to carry despatches for long distances." Sir William Ramsay has written a most thoughtful article on "Transmutation," that dream which fascinated the sorcerers of past generations. What could not be accomplished by magic seems likely to be brought within the power of science. An article which collectors will turn to is the one on "Modern Antiques." It would appear from this writer that the whole field of art is covered by forgers.

The editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* is usually successful in getting together a number of anecdotal literary articles, and this month's issue is a brilliant example. In it Mr. Lucy gives us the last, and by no means the least, interesting instalment of his "Sixty Years in a Wilderness." Rosaline Masson gives a very interesting account of the visit of Robert Browning to Edinburgh to receive his degree in 1884. The present writer had the advantage of beholding the ceremony, and remembers well the enthusiasm with which the poet was greeted. As the writer very properly says: "It was the young generation calling for the poet whom they and not those of his own generation had discovered and loved." There is a delightful story which we cannot help quoting: "But later on his hostess asked, apologetically, 'Do you object to all this adulation?' And he answered readily and heartily, and perhaps with a kindly desire to relieve her mind: 'Object to it! No. I have waited forty years for it, and now—I like it!'"

The most amusing paper in the magazines of the month is that on "Sir W. S. Gilbert as an Artist," in the *Strand*. The early sketches with which it is illustrated are delicious, and ought to be sufficient in themselves to make the fortune of the number. Mr. Selous gives us the third part of his "Reminiscences" as a big-game-shooter, and writes with unflinching cleverness and vivacity; Mr. F. A. H. Eyles discusses the question whether

crystal-gazing has a scientific basis; and the revival in Rugby football is discussed by the very competent pen of Mr. Sewall. But the main feature of the *Strand*, as usual, lies in its fiction. The "White Prophet" continues his exciting career, and the very names of the other contributors is a guarantee of the value of the number. They include those of Mr. Frank Savile, Mr. Sidney Lowe, Miss Dorothea Deakin, Mr. W. Pett Ridge and Mr. Max Pemberton.

The obvious weakness in the article which Sir Oliver Lodge has sent to the *Nineteenth Century* in reply to Professor Newcomb's article on "The Occult" in last month's issue is the tenacity of the facts which it presents. Sir Oliver is one of the most ingenious and agreeable of controversialists, but the points raised by Professor Newcomb seem to demand a more direct treatment. The current number of the *Nineteenth Century* is more remarkable for the variety of its contents than for anything that stands out as exceptionally good.

In *Fry's Magazine* appears the second of the remarkable series of golf articles entitled "The Secret of the Golf Swing," by Dr. Thomas Carruthers and Mr. George W. Bel lam. There is also a very interesting account of Colonel Hull Walker's stud-farm at Tully, with many first-rate photographs. Anglers will appreciate "The Lady of the Streams," an article upon grayling and grayling-fishing, written by Mr. Francis M. Walbran, with whose name most fishermen are familiar. The magazine contains also "The Chances of Steeplechasing," a well-written article from the pen of Captain the Hon. Charles Coventry. The sporting fiction includes an ingeniously-conceived golf story entitled "Colonel Buckley's Diplomacy," by Mr. G. L. Jessop; "The Jack Snipe," by Mr. M. McDonnell Bodkin, a shooting story dealing with the straits in which an impoverished Irish landlord found himself and the amusing device by which he extricated himself from his financial difficulties; and a very fine hunting story, "Mr. Longman's Hounds"—the second of this series—by Mr. George E. Collins. Many other items, each with its own peculiar appeal to the sportsman, go to make up an excellent number of this fine sporting monthly.

*British Birds* is an excellent magazine for those engaged in the serious study of ornithology. The articles it contains deal with fairly popular subjects, such as "Some Early British Ornithologists" and "Bird Life in a Spring Snowstorm." But perhaps the most valuable part of the book is that to be found in the notes. It is interesting to learn, for instance, that in January of the present year a bittern stayed on the Tring Reservoir for ten days, and that a shag was shot on the same water. A young male snew was shot in the County of Montgomery in the last days of 1908. It must be admitted, however, that it is possible to make this otherwise excellent magazine a little more attractive to the general reader. There has recently been a falling-off in the beauty of the photographs which it reproduces. An exception may be made in favour of the snowstorm article, which contains a touching story of a pair of robins that had eggs at the beginning of the snowstorm, and yet managed to rear the young. "The eggs, remaining fresh, were protected by the thick roof formed by the grass tuft and sticks from the superincumbent snow, while the inherent warmth of the ground underneath kept them from being chilled or frozen."

#### BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

Great Masters of Dutch and Flemish Painting, by W. Bode. (Duckworth.)  
Conquering the Arctic Ice, by Ejnar Mikkelsen. (Heinemann.)  
Tono-Bungay, by H. G. Wells. (Macmillan.)  
The Faith of His Fathers, by A. E. Jacobson. (Melrose.)  
Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman, by W. B. Woolgate. (Eveleigh Nash.)  
Behind the Veil in Persia and Turkish Arabia, by M. E. Hume-Griffith. (Seeley and Co.)

[A FURTHER LIST OF PUBLICATIONS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE LVIII.]

## ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

AN AMERICAN GOLF MAGAZINE.

**A** NEW American golfing magazine, which Mr. Walter Travis is editing, has some very good features in it. One of the best and most interesting, for us, is the article on Mr. Travers, present amateur champion of the United States. It is illustrated with photographs, which show the champion to have a very fine free swing, quite in accord with all that we have heard of the characteristics of his game. This is of interest just now, because the point of chief interest in our own amateur championship, to be held at Muirfield in May, will be the appearance of Mr. Travers taking part in it. With a vivid and painful memory of the meteoric appearance of his almost namesake, Mr. Travis, in a former amateur championship, we shall not consider Mr. Travers in the light-hearted way in which we viewed Mr. Travis, before he had taught us to respect him and, with him, all the golf that crosses the Atlantic.

#### "ABSENT TREATMENT."

Another feature is that the editor is setting himself up as a kind of consulting physician for the sick golfer as to the cause and cure of his ailments. The thing is done in a very intelligent way. The patient is invited to send photographs of himself engaged at golf, as well as a full account of all his painful symptoms. Thus, from this consulting doctor at a distance the sufferer may get not a general disquisition as to the cause and cure of slicing or pulling, or whatever it may be, but something individual, suited to his particular case and constitution. You will not easily find a golfer who strikes you as having studied the game more thoroughly, and more fully thought out the processes by which each stroke in it is performed, than Mr. Travis; and, without wishing to be unpatriotic, I may say that I

do not think there is anyone in this country to whom I would go with so much confidence for advice when the game was going wrong. All his game seems a built-up thing—very well built, but not a natural acquirement like the game of Mr. Travers, who began as a boy.

#### IMPROVEMENTS AT RYE.

Of all the really fine seaside courses few have been so much improved during recent years as that of Rye. It has been greatly lengthened, and been generally dealt with more in accordance with the modern golfer's requirements. Very distinctly it has a character of its own, and is not built according to a typical pattern. This makes for the happiness of the golfer who is able to appreciate the superiority of the natural character of golf links over the characters which have been given by man's labour. At Rye, as at all the great courses, a great deal of the interest and the difficulty is given by the undulations—"yon bonnie banks and yon bonnie braes"—which are not bunkers, but which do more than bunkers themselves are capable of in giving the better golfer—him who can get a good ball away though he has one foot planted on a considerably higher plane than the other—his proper advantage. It is this admirable confusion of contours which goes far to make the Royal and Ancient Club's links what it is—that is to say, the best in all the world. There are, wonderful to say, people who would like to pare down from the face of our golf courses excrescences of this kind, and to make them affairs of lawns with here and there a bunker, calling it "fair and equitable golf," which becomes another name for the Scriptural "weariness of the flesh."

#### PECULIAR DIFFICULTY OF RYE IN WIND.

To return, after this exordium, to Rye. There are many places where rather a high shot is required to take the ball over great sand-dunes and

ridges. There are places where the course is very narrow indeed, with "out of bounds" on the side towards which the prevailing wind is always trying to urge you, and other places (most places) where the punishment, even on the course, is severe for crooked play; and this is a combination of conditions which necessarily implies that the course is a parlous difficult one in a high wind. And high winds are not infrequent in this corner of the world that is two miles further seaward than the town of Rye itself, which is a Cinque Port. This sounds as if the golf were something of an aquatic game; but the truth is that the sea has discreetly retired from the picturesque seaport town to give the golfer these splendid opportunities. This is written in order to show that the course at Rye, always good, is better now than ever. It is not easy to find golf of higher quality, nor, certainly, of more amusing character. The bunkers are very terrible, but the putting greens are very beautiful.

#### A HOLE ON THE BEACH.

The chief alteration at Rye, and one which has given rise to a good deal of discussion, has been the making of a hole virtually upon the sea-shore. A sea-wall has been built round the green, warranted to withstand the highest of tides, and there is a fine slashing second shot to be played, albeit a blind one, over a big range of sandhills on to the shore. The best feature of the improvements, however, is the short hole that follows the sea hole. The green is on something of a plateau, well guarded by bent grass and flanked on either side by a deep pot-bunker. In front is a sloping bank, and with anything of a following wind the only shot that is likely to be successful must send the ball flying low and hard against the face of the slope, whence it will bound high in the air and fall lifeless by the holedside.

#### LITTLESTONE AND RYE.

As the sea showed discretion in retiring from Rye, so the wise critic will withdraw from the heated arena of any controversy about the rival merits of the neighbouring courses of Littlestone and Rye. They are very near each other, and have the added zest to this discussion which comes from the latter being in Sussex and the former on Kentish soil. For some reason best known to the fluvial and marine currents, whose meeting in opposition made both the one course and the other, the soil of Littlestone is rather more rich and heavy than that of Rye, and, as a consequence, the former is the better course in summer, when it is dry, and when Rye is a little too sandy, and the latter better in winter, when Littlestone becomes in places muddy and reminiscent of the inland greens. Therefore, a man whose fortune in life places him in the west of the garden county of England, or just across the border in Sussex, and who has a good motor, may wisely divide his attentions between the two, playing his summer golf at Littlestone and his winter golf at Rye; and this hint may serve for the guidance of those also who go from London to this coast for their golf and belong to the two clubs. Nevertheless, it is not in this spirit of compromise that they will hear their respective merits discussed by those who are ardent lovers of but one of them.

#### THE UNIVERSITY MATCH.

It is announced that the Oxford and Cambridge match will take place on April 21st, at Sandwich. Most people will be glad that the match is to be played once more on a seaside course. There is something rather unsatisfactory in the constant changes due to the match having no permanently fixed venue; but we think that it should, at any rate, be an unwritten rule that it should always be played on a seaside course. It has three times been played on inland courses, and very good ones, too, courses to which no one would deny the merit of providing a sound test of golf; but, after all, seaside golf alone is the real thing, and University golfers should be satisfied with nothing less. The very best of inland courses are far more susceptible to bad weather than are those at the seaside; given a spell of wet weather the going is bound to be heavy and soft in places, while even a misty day makes putting, on the driest and sandiest of them, an unpleasant business. The argument formerly advanced for bringing the match nearer to London was that many more of those interested would be able to see the play and the

match would become a means of reunion for old University golfers. It is very questionable whether it is right to favour the spectators at the expense of the game itself; and apart from that, the number of those who have come to watch the match, when played inland, has hardly been large enough to give point to the argument. Mr. Hooman is to be congratulated on taking the match back to Sandwich, which became for some time its second home after Wimbledon was abandoned.

#### CHOPS AND CHANGES.

There have been a good many alterations in the form as well as the venue of the match, and several times a new departure has been made memorable by some occurrence rather out of the common. For instance, in 1896, Cambridge, having the choice of greens, exercised it very unwisely and took the match back to Wimbledon. The result was one of the most wonderfully low-scoring matches on record, since each side only scored four holes, an average of half a hole a man. If the match had been over seventeen holes Cambridge would have won easily, but seven out of the eight of them played the last hole in so futile a manner as to lose it one and all; their last man, on the other hand, ought certainly to have won it, but he missed one of the shortest of putts; *surgit awari aliquid* even now, for thereby Oxford just saved their bacon.

#### THE BLIZZARD YEAR.

Then in 1898 play was extended to thirty-six holes, an event promptly celebrated by a blizzard, which drove the players to shelter with several holes yet to play. The writer has the most vivid recollection of going out in rapidly deepening twilight, clad in the fur coat of a too confiding friend, to see those holes played off. Red balls and fore caddies were naturally at a premium. The ball could hardly ever be seen after it left the club, but by lying prone on the snow, which was probably not good for the friend's fur coat, and listening intently one could sometimes get a clue as to its whereabouts by the purring sound that it made as it ran for a short distance across the snowfields. The Universities deserted the sea in 1904 and moved to Woking at the instance of Cambridge, who probably had begun to think that they never could win a match at Sandwich, where they had suffered a series of calamitous defeats. At Woking they very nearly succeeded in winning, as they only lost by 2, a margin that would have been still further reduced if Mr. Alison for Oxford had not played his now classic shot, from a flat place on the roof of the clubhouse, over a holly bush on to the green. This feat has been immortalised in photographs of Mr. Alison intrepidly scaling a ladder, niblick in hand, and also in a learned and voluminous correspondence as to whether he ought not to have scrambled up without the external assistance afforded by the ladder.

#### SIR ALEXANDER KENNEDY.

The world of golf claims many people, and among them Sir Alexander B. W. Kennedy, although it is not many years ago that he was by no means so devoted to the game; at the present time, however, he is a great supporter of it, and spends most of his spare time on the golf links, where even he, a famous engineer, finds that the laws which govern the breaking strain of material in the form of golf balls, and of other things such as temper, are very curious, and cannot always be represented by a simple equation or expression. It is as an engineer that he is best known, and in the engineering world has achieved many things. It was he who as Professor of Engineering at University College, Gower Street, more than thirty years ago, opened the first practical laboratory for engineering students in this country; his work on the strength of materials, riveted joints, etc., has been of the greatest value, and as a member of the Naval Boiler Committee and President of the Machinery Designs Committee he has given, no doubt, excellent advice to the Government, not only on the use of Belleville boilers in the Navy, but on many other matters as well. He is also responsible for the "conduit system" as used on many of the London tram-lines; and the towns in England, Scotland and Ireland for which he has designed electric-light systems are far too numerous to mention. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society, an L.L.D., etc., he has been President of the Institute of Mechanical



SIR ALEXANDER KENNEDY.

Engineers, and when he was made President of the Institute of Civil Engineers he achieved the blue ribbon of the engineering world. In the past, before he became enamoured of golf, he was a most ardent photographer and mountaineer; but now, instead of a camera he carries a golf club, and

presumably prefers bunkers to crevasses and mountains of sand to those of rock and ice. One thing is certain, namely, that his friends at Walton Heath Golf Club would very much regret it should he forsake the links for renewed efforts either at photography or mountaineering.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### MARKED WOODCOCK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I saw a notice in COUNTRY LIFE of a woodcock killed with a ring marked "N. 1904." That is our mark here. I should be very grateful if you will let me have the ring and particulars of date and place where the bird was killed. If you want the ring returned, I will send it back. If it would be of any interest, I can send you the record of birds marked here that have been recovered for the last thirteen or fourteen years.—WILLIAM PERCY, Alnwick Castle.

[We have forwarded the ring to Lord William Percy, and gladly take advantage of his kind offer to give us a record of birds marked at Alnwick Castle and those which have been identified.—ED.]

### A SWIMMING PHEASANT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I do not know if this is a very rare thing, and should like to know whether it has been seen by any of your readers. I was out shooting on Monday, January 5th, on the banks of the Derwent, and a covert on the other side of the river was being beaten in the ordinary way. As there was a young plantation on my side, I had been sent over to intercept any birds that might break across to it, and was walking in line with the beaters on the opposite side of the river, when a hen pheasant started towards the young plants, but saw me and, wheeling round, deliberately alighted in the middle of the river. It swam very slowly to the shore, where it hid under a root. While it was running up the bank it was killed by a beater. It showed no sign of being wounded when it was flying, and I could not find anything wrong with it afterwards. Its wings were quite wet, so I do not suppose that it could have flown after it came out.—HARTINGTON, Eton College.

### TREE-PLANTING EXPERIMENTS AT WOBURN.—THE PLANTING OF FRUIT TREES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the 1905 report by the Duke of Bedford and Mr. Pickering, hardy fruit-growers were startled by a statement that by accident it had been found that apple trees planted in holes large and deep enough only to receive their roots without these being spread out, in unprepared land, without any further trouble or labour than placing the soil over the roots and ramming it down with a rammer as hard as possible, succeeded better than did those planted in well-prepared and manured soil in the usual way. It need scarcely be said that this statement was received with a certain amount of reserve by most practical and experienced hardy fruit-growers. This reserve was, I think, justified at that time. Now, however, the authors, after exhaustive experiments carried out in many parts of the country, return to the charge fortified by illustrations, facts and data obtained over a series of years since, proving that the practice then advocated has more than justified their former estimate of its superiority over the old expensive way of trenching and manuring the land, etc., so that its merits now assume a more substantial and practical form; and coming as this evidence does from so high and disinterested sources it will command the respectful consideration which is undoubtedly its due from all who are interested in the growth of hardy fruit. This method, if generally adopted, will reduce the cost in the first instance of planting apple orchards enormously. Already I notice that the Royal Horticultural Society are including in their arrangements at their gardens at Wisley for 1909 a trial of fruit trees grown in this way against others grown in the usual way in well-prepared soil; others, no doubt, will be doing the same, so that we shall be in further possession of proof before long either in support or condemnation of the system. The most serious misgiving I have in respect to planting trees in imperfectly-cultivated land is that the fruit, supposing that it is produced in abundance, will be small and of poor quality, by reason of the roots, year by year as the trees grow, penetrating further and further into this uncultivated and infertile soil. The system in at nearly approaching the one under notice of which I know is that practised years ago by farmers. It consisted in simply digging a hole large and deep enough to hold the roots without their being spread out, covering them over with soil, treading them down hard and staking, and giving the trees very little thought or consideration afterwards. My experience of such trees has been that they have grown fairly well for a few years, but afterwards made slow growth, and that they ultimately developed into half-starved, bark-bound trees, producing crops of fruit of third-rate quality and of comparatively little or no value in the market. We do not want any more apples of this quality; we have far too many already. On the other hand, I know of orchards planted forty years ago by expert planters, in deeply-trenched and well-manured soil, which have been top-dressed regularly since every other year with a heavy application of rich, rotten farmyard manure, and, occasionally, also with bone-meal. These trees have only failed twice within the past fifteen years to produce from 40 pecks to 50 pecks, and sometimes 60 pecks, of apples each, and that of first-rate quality, commanding top price in Covent Garden Market, the variety being Bramley's Seedling. These trees are now from 25ft. to 30ft. high and from 30ft. to 40ft. through. They are in perfect health and likely to go on bearing similar crops for forty or more years. I have never seen trees planted in farm-orchard fashion in such robust health or bearing such weight of first-quality fruit as these do. The advocacy of this new method seems to me inadvertently

to strike a blow at the principle of intensive and thorough cultivation which has held good in English gardens for so long, and has added so enormously to the fertility and crop-producing capacity of English garden soils. If fruit trees permanently succeed better on imperfectly-cultivated land, why not vegetables and other crops also? The theory advanced that the small fibrous roots of apple trees, after they have been torn and broken in lifting, are of no further use to the trees can be substantiated by many growers. Fortunately, this loss is but little felt, for, as stated in the report, an abundance of new roots is quickly emitted in spring by the stronger cut-back roots and from the stock on which the tree is worked. I can recall many instances in my experience of the distinct partiality new roots of apples have for hard soil. Only last autumn I had to lift some young trees which had only been planted a year. In the soil were many lumps of marly clay almost as hard as bricks. Every one of them without exception was a mass of fibrous roots formed during the summer. This portion of the report dealing with the harder consolidation of the soil near the stem of the trees points to a most useful lesson in hardy fruit tree culture. This report should be read by all interested in hardy fruit.—OWEN THOMAS

### A GARDEN ON A WALL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I suggest that, in addition to the plants mentioned by Miss Yates, your correspondent should try the little native Cheddar pink (*Dianthus cæsius*). This requires plenty of sun, yet is a good smoke-resister, and when planted on or quite near the top of a wall flourishes within four miles of Hyde Park Corner. A little fresh seed sown every two or three years will ensure a number of tiny cushions of grey leaves, covered in early summer with sweet-scented pink flowers. It is best grown from seed and does not flower until the second year, but is quite one of the most charming wall plants.—A LONDON GARDENER

### WHERE WILD FLOWERS GROW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—To see flowers growing in masses your correspondent "Artist" cannot do better than go to North Yorkshire. I was there last year in spring, and was astonished to find how much more abundant and beautifully coloured the flowers were than in the South of England. True, few things can be more beautiful than the golden glow of the furze in the South of Dorsetshire and the blue haze of the wild hyacinths in the woods of Sussex and Kent; but nothing has impressed me more with their loveliness than some woods between Reeth and Richmond in Yorkshire. Towards the end of May some of the copses were one mass of blue from the wood forget-me-not, others a blaze of pink from the red campion, and over all the lovely tender green of the bird-cherry with its graceful tassels of white flowers. Whole fields were white with meadow-saxifrage or yellow with the marsh-marigold. Besides these the wet, low-lying fields were crimson in places with *Orchis incarnata*, and every little rill was bordered with the sombre beauty of the drooping water-avena. The higher marshy spots were already covered with the glorious lemon-coloured globe-flower, with its delicious scent like cowslips, and near the sheepfolds and farm-buildings grew whole jungles of sweet cicely with its large, handsome heads of white flowers and fern-like leaves.—J. C. D.

### DOROTHY PERKINS ROSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Would you kindly tell me what is wrong with my Dorothy Perkins rose? It has been in the ground about two years, and last year it was a mass of flowers. I cut a great many blooms off it for the dinner-table, and noticed after that that all those long branches withered away, and now they are quite dead. Can the cutting be the cause? I may add that this rose receives the same treatment as the others in its immediate neighbourhood, which are all flourishing. When should the old shoots be cut away? Also, would you kindly inform me if freesia and hyacinth bulbs are useless after the first year?—AN IGNORANT GARDENER AND A REGULAR SUBSCRIBER TO "COUNTRY LIFE."

[We do not think that the severe cutting of the sprays of flowers would cause the old growths to wither away. The long growths of this rose, with their trails of flowers, are frequently gathered for decorations and the plants are not seriously injured. We can only account for the growths withering in two ways: (1) The winter of 1907-1908 had a disastrous effect on the old growths of many rambler roses. While it did not actually kill the growths it so injured the pith that these growths eventually succumbed. They were not prevented from flowering, but after this they showed signs of exhaustion and eventually died. (2) There has been discovered lately a new parasitic rose canker, which fixes itself chiefly upon the wichuraiana roses. You will find a full account of this disease in the Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society (Vol. XXXIV., Part II.); but from what we gather about it, this disease would not immediately kill the growths. The old growths of rambler roses should be removed immediately after flowering. In the case of Dorothy Perkins it is seldom advisable to cut away all the old growths. Some of the healthiest should be retained a second year, provided there is no overcrowding. Of course, if this work was not done in August and September, it can be carried out during February and March when the weather is suitable.—ED.]

## SHRUBS AND MIDGES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—I should be much obliged if you or any of your readers could tell me what shrubs or plants I should avoid in a neighbourhood infested, in the summer months, by midges. I am returning, after some years, to live here (on the shores of a sea loch on the West Coast of Scotland), and I recollect the midges were a pest any time after midday till after dark, and on warm summer evenings one was compelled to stay indoors with closed windows. Some shrubs and trees harbour insects more than others, I am aware, so I am anxious to avoid these, and if there are any whose odour midges object to, I should be grateful to know of them. Eucalyptus and, indeed, almost anything grows here, but eucalyptus is apt to be straggling.—E. M. B.

[We have frequently noticed that midges are, in the summer months especially, attracted by willows and elders, but we have not observed any marked preference for other shrubs. From enquiries we have made, this is also the experience of others. Of shrubs distasteful to them, Eucalyptus globulus occupies the foremost place, and although you mention that it is straggling, this defect can be obviated by judicious pruning. Others that can be recommended, though not with such confidence as the eucalyptus, are escallonia, the larger kinds of cistus, such as *C. ladaniferus* and *C. laurifolius* and *Aristotelia Macquii*.—Ed.]

## BOOKS ON DUTCH GARDENS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—Will you kindly give me the names of some English books on Dutch gardens?—E. R.

[There are no English books dealing with Dutch gardens, and practically no old gardens left in that country retaining anything of their seventeenth century appearance. The reason is not hard to find. All the Royal Palace gardens were altered in the early part of the nineteenth century, and in nearly every case by gardeners who went from England and who substituted the landscape style. The more important gardens round Amsterdam and other large cities were modelled on the same plan. In the neighbourhood of Haarlem there are a few country seats that have retained their avenues; but these are gardens laid out in the manner of Le Nôtre and cannot be said to be genuine Dutch gardens. Fortunately, an enormous number of plans and views of Dutch gardens exist. No country in Europe had the same care devoted to its survey as Holland in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and there are in consequence a large number of plans in existence, made for drainage purposes, showing these gardens minutely. There are also hundreds of engravings of the smaller gardens, as it was apparently the fashion for these to be engraved. The best old Dutch books are "*Den Nederlan tscen Hovenier*," by I. van der Groen, 1696, and "*Den Koniglichen Hovenier*," by the same author, a similar work.—Ed.]

## LAWN TENNIS COURTS OTHER THAN GRASS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—You recently, in answer to a correspondent, gave information regarding the making of a lawn tennis court of gravel, cinders or any similar material. Such courts are excellent, but to ensure a good surface they require to be watered and rolled each day. I am about to put down a lawn tennis court in a garden where no water supply is available, and propose to make it of tar asphalt or concrete. I shall be obliged if you can afford me information as to these points: Are such courts comfortable to play on? Have they any special drawbacks? Is tar asphalt or concrete the better, or is there any better material? Ought the court to be dead level, or ought there to be a slight fall from the net to the back lines, to let the rain run off? Any information you can afford me will be welcome.—SCOTSMAN.

[We have submitted our correspondent's enquiries to Mr. Eustace Miles, who replies as follows: "I do not think that gravel or cinder courts are comfortable. They are apt to be dirty for the flannels and shoes; they make covered balls dirty; they need rolling, etc. Asphalt is apt to be bad in warm weather; it melts and becomes uneven. Concrete is good, but almost needs uncovered balls, I think, and it is apt to crack with the frost. Granolithic is good stuff. I believe it does not crack; but it is slippery when wet. Wood is best, if rendered waterproof (by tar). The covered courts at Queen's should be visited. The court can slope very slightly towards the middle, to carry off the rain. There should be ample room for running back and high network all round."—Ed.]

## ECZEMA IN DOGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—A correspondent in your columns recently gave an excellent cure for canker in a dog's ear, and I should be glad to know if any of your readers can give me a good cure for eczema in a dog. I have a Scotch terrier upon whom I have tried veterinary lotions and many so-called cures, but I have not yet found anything that can be called satisfactory. The dog gets plenty of exercise and feeds well.—J. H. MORTON.

[The most important thing is to build up the constitution. Let the dog have plenty of meat and other nourishing food and give sharp exercise. Give the following pills: Sulphate of quinine, 24gr.; arsenious acid,  $\frac{1}{2}$ gr.; extract of taraxacum, 12gr.; confection of roses sufficient to make thirty pills; one to be given night and morning. Rub into the affected places a little Climosol boracic ointment. If there is any suspicion of worms, give a worm pill before beginning treatment.—Ed.]

## DIFFICULTIES WITH A COLLIE'S COAT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—I have a well-bred orange collie, which always changes her coat twice a year, losing all her good looks in so doing. She is now without her long hair at this very inappropriate time of year and it is difficult to keep her

warm. She is between five and six years old and has no skin disease. I wonder whether you or any of your readers know any remedy for this, or any treatment which would prevent it occurring in winter.—L. J. CARTWRIGHT.

[Nothing can be done to alter the time when a dog changes its coat, but the growth can be very much assisted by the vigorous use of a dandy brush daily. Also give a tablespoonful of cod liver oil three times a week.—Ed.]

## ANOTHER TALKING ROOK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—I also am the happy possessor of a tame rook, which I rescued from some boys who saw him fall from the nest in April, 1898. I reared him, with some trouble, by hand, and for several years he lived in a part of a high-walled garden which was fenced off for his use. At first he had the run of the whole garden, but he was very destructive, and pulled up every bulb and plant as soon as the gardener put them in. When we moved to another house a large wire enclosure was put up, in which he seems quite happy. He began talking when quite young, and was taught sentences by my brothers constantly repeating them to him. He also imitated fowls, which he could hear in the distance. We named him Jacob, and he will continue saying "Poor old Jacob," "You old rascal Jacob," etc., for half-an-hour at a time, being especially talkative, we notice, before rain. When two years old and when the other rooks began to build, he, too, built a nest, and has continued this each year. He frequently answers rooks that fly over the garden, and we have constantly known them to perch on his cage and trees close to him and converse. He bathes sometimes three or four times a day, and invariably after food. He is fed on scraps of meat, toast and butter, biscuits, odd bits of suet and other puddings, but cheese he prefers to anything else. If given more than he requires, he buries it for future use and hides it from small birds, which find their way into his cage on the look-out for crumbs.—F. M. TAYLOR.

## STARLINGS, PURPLE-HEADED AND GREEN-HEADED.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—In your issue of January 16th (page 81) "H. P. R." makes an attack upon the Siberian purple-headed starling because of its alleged depredations in this country. On turning to Dr. Hartert's "*Vögel der palaarktischen Fauna*" (pages 43-44), I find that the Siberian form (*Sturnus vulgaris poltaratskyi*, Finsch; *St. v. menzibieri*, Sharpe) may be distinguished from our common starling (*St. vulgaris vulgaris*) by its "purple" (purpur) head and throat, and its more or less pure purple ear-coverts, but it does not migrate outside Asia. According, however, to Dr. Sharpe, quoted by Dr. Hartert, *et al.*, there is between the Siberian and the English an intermediate form, with more or less reddish purple ("purpurrot") head and throat, but with green ear-coverts, which visits England. This has been called *St. v. intermedius*, Prazák, also *St. v. sophiae*, Bianchi. On its right to be regarded as a separate sub-species Dr. Hartert writes as follows: "Examination of a very large number of specimens, chiefly at Tring and in the British Museum, has convinced me that this cannot be recognised as a separate form ('dass diese Form nicht haltbar ist'), for both the Swedish and the English breeding (native) species have very often just as much reddish-purple sheen as it has, and the latter itself has not seldom an entirely green head." Dr. Hartert does not, therefore, give a place to the so-called *St. vulg. intermedius* among the eleven sub-species of *Sturnus vulgaris* that he recognises. From all this it is at least clear (1) that the Siberian starling (*St. v. polt*) may claim to have proved an *alibi*, and should, therefore, be acquitted by "H. P. R." of the crimes imputed to it, the more so, as it is in a position to snap its beak with impunity at his threats; (2) that in respect to the rank that the purple-headed bird with green ear-coverts can claim, the most eminent doctors still disagree; (3) that this does not alter the fact that the purple-headed, green-eared variety does exist, that it is with us, and does, no doubt, considerable mischief; but that it is to be regarded as a greater rogue than its green-headed fellow is by no means so certain. "Good citizens" will do well to pause before deciding that it is their duty to single it out for slaughter. So many mistakes have been made about the economic value of our birds that we shall do well in future to proceed with more than ordinary caution. "H. P. R." I am sure, will agree.—F. B. KIRKMAN, Letchworth, Herts.

## ROBINS IN WINTER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—The cold of winter and the scarcity of food tend so far to tame birds that they will return day after day to one place to pick up the crumbs thrown out to them. Robins are among the tamest of these birds. Here is a case in point in which a robin became so tame as to venture into a room in quest of food. For three successive winters a robin has come into the dining-room twice a day to be fed. He has continued his visits well on into the summer, when he has suddenly disappeared; but with the return of the cold weather he has always come back. The window is left open about 3in. from the bottom so as to let him in. He knows his way in and out perfectly, and never flies against the window-panes when he wants to go out. He is a very wary little bird, and never helps himself to food on the table unless he thinks that there is no one present. One day during the recent snowstorm he was joined at his meal by three other robins; but he was not at all pleased at the presence of the new-comers. He puffed his feathers out and really squeaked with rage, and tried to chase them out of the room; the new-comers, however, had no intention of retiring, but perched on the pictures and furniture in the room. The offended robin then took up his position on a chair at the open window to prevent any others intruding. Any unfortunate bird alighting on the window-sill was at once pounced upon and chased away. At last a regular robin fight began, the tame robin chasing the other birds round the room. This resulted in all four feathered guests having to be driven out of the room, a robin fight being scarcely included in a lunch menu.—N.

## WHITE HEDGEHOGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying photographs represent two white hedgehogs which were found at the picturesque little moorland village of Goathland last August, and have been since, and still are, in my possession alive and well. They are perfect albinos, with pink eyes, and not a dark spine or hair about them. Though by no means unknown, albino hedgehogs are decidedly far from common, and are well worthy of being taken care of when found. Curiously enough, one was obtained two years ago in the same village, and



OLD FEMALE WHITE HEDGEHOG.

only last week I heard of another having been captured there. The two represented are an old female and a young male, and, though they were found a considerable distance apart, I think the presumption is that they are mother and offspring. There seems to be a strain in the blood of the hedgehogs in that particular district which ever and anon shows itself in albinism. The young one is a charming little creature, of a more perfect white than the older one, because its hair and spines have not had time to get soiled; but under the influence of soap and water the larger animal could be made of almost as pure a white as the smaller. The whole question of albinism and its opposite melanism is so interesting that when either birds or animals showing this peculiarity are found they are well worth preserving. It may be as well to mention in this connection that although an animal may be quite white, it is not an albino unless the pigment is also absent from the eyes and they show pink.—OXLEY GRABHAM.

## FERRETS AND RATS AS PETS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I see a letter in your number for January 16th about ferrets, and should like to add my testimony to their merits as pets. I have had two, at different times. The first I took out of a cruel gin in a hedge; it had escaped the keeper's eye. It was paralysed for some days, but soon got right, and I never had a more charming little pet. I could always handle it, and it was so affectionate, and most amusing when I had it attached to a long string; it would jump and turn head over heels, squeaking with pleasure. It was delighted to romp with a kitten; they would roll over together and hunt each other, but the ferret would never bite. All the stoat tribe are very playful, for I have watched them in the woods when out of their sight. Your photograph of the boy and his ferret makes me wish to have another, and he who calls them "dangerous and repulsive" knows nothing about them. But anyone who understands and values animals will be repaid by their affection,



YOUNG ALBINO HEDGEHOG.

and I never had two nicer little friends than my white ferrets.—G. G. OSBORNE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The "Correspondence" columns of COUNTRY LIFE have of late contained ample testimony to the suitability of the ferret as a pet, but nothing so far has been said about the rat. When a boy of ten, in my country home in South Devon, I was presented with a piebald rat—black and white with a

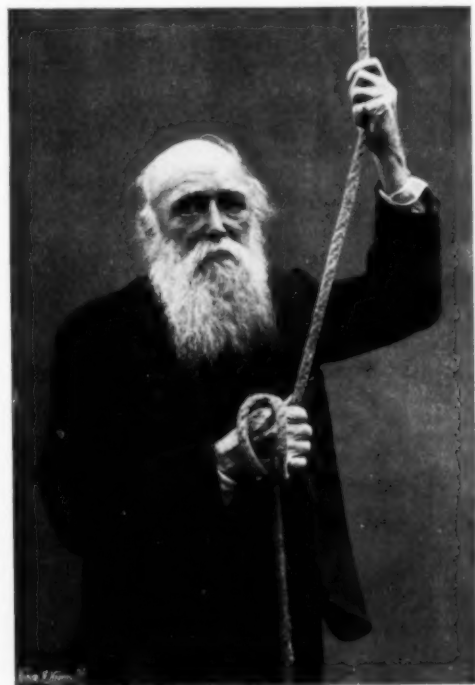
little brown about the face. The creature was only half grown when I got him and soon became extremely tame, answering to the name of Punch. After a while my pet grew up into a big rat and became so thoroughly at home in the house that he was never shut up, but wandered about where he pleased. I well remember being awakened once by the shrieks of one of the maids, who found Punch rolled up in her nightgown when she was going to bed. Whenever I went out for a walk my rat used to sit on my shoulder underneath my jacket; and once a farmer's wife, noticing the protuberance, said sympathetically to my mother, how sad it was that her little boy was deformed! One evening, about a quarter of a mile from the house, I let Punch run down one of a network of holes under an old tree. All my calling was in vain, and though I waited until dark my rat would not come out. Nothing more was seen of him for ten days, when he suddenly reappeared in the house looking very gaunt and famished and with two bad wounds in his neck and back. Evidently he had had a severe fight with a wild rat during his absence. One of Punch's accomplishments was climbing up his own tail: you held him up by the extreme tip, when he would twist round and swarm up till he reached your hand. Towards small animals and reptiles he showed considerable ferocity. One day I showed him a toad, and he at once dashed at it, and, seizing it by the head, lifted the fat reptile easily off the ground. Had I not promptly stopped the proceedings, the poor toad would have been quickly killed. With human beings, on the other hand, Punch was all gentleness and bold familiarity. I never recollect his having ever bitten anybody. In his habits he was beautifully clean, never having the least odour about his fur; indeed, he used to sit up and clean his coat like a cat. At last, one night as I was coming home along a dark lane, some distance away from the house, Punch slipped from his perch on my shoulder on to the road. I stopped for a minute or two, calling to him, but he did not come, and I was too frightened of the gloom to wait very long. I suppose the distance was too great for Punch to find his way back, as he did the first time; anyhow, he was never seen again.—P. L. B.

## AN OLD BELL-RINGER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Mr. James Wright of Spalding, the oldest bell-ringer in England, on

December 31st and January 1st, for the sixty-seventh year, was one of the ringers at Spalding Parish Church, ringing the Old Year out and the New Year in. For forty years Mr. Wright has been captain of the Spalding Parish Church Bell-ringers, and during his long record has only missed once, this being when there was ft. of snow on the ground and his comrades persuaded him not to accompany them to the church. He commenced ringing when fourteen years of age and has rung in all parts of the Eastern Counties, including the cathedrals and abbeys. Mr. Wright has also another record—he has resided in the same house at Spalding for over fifty years.—J. J.



THE CAPTAIN OF THE BELFRY.

## STREET NOMENCLATURE IN CHELSEA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Leading from Gale Street to Britten Street in Chelsea is a narrow paved alley called "Crooked Usage." The surroundings are modern and uninteresting, but the name, although now painted in white letters on a flaunting blue ground with the addition of S.W., is presumably old; incidentally it is also singularly ill-chosen, for the alley is conspicuously straight. A superficial search in historical works on Chelsea has not revealed any mention of "Crooked Usage." Perhaps someone can enlighten me as to its history; the name is certainly attractive.—A NEWCOMER IN CHELSEA.

[The curious place named "Crooked Usage" has been largely discussed, but no conclusive explanation has been given. Unfortunately, there does not appear to be any record of its original use, and, therefore, guesses only can be made, which is always unsatisfactory. The two explanations we have come across are: (1) Usage for user or right of way; (2) straight strips of ground between various holdings or allotments—balks, in fact—are said to have been called usages, but no authority has been given for this assertion; moreover, this land has belonged to the Manor of Chelsea for many centuries, and the smallest enclosures were about four acres. Here is another: (3) Usage, a corruption of passage, but this is more than improbable.—ED.]